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DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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SPEED

SAUNDERS

AND THE CASE OF THE MISSING CORPSE

AT A LONELY CEMETARY GHOSTLY FIGURES ARE ENGAGED IN A MYSTERIOUS ERRAND!



OKAY, MIKE, NOW WE GOTTA GET RID OF DIS STIFF!



IN THE POLICE STATION -

C'MON, SPEED, WE GOTTA GO OUT. THE TELEPHONE COMPANY SERVICE BOYS FOUND A BODY IN A MANHOLE!



BR-R-R, S'PRETTY COLD TONIGHT!

YEAH, HECK OF A TIME FOR A MURDER. WELL, HERE WE ARE!



WHAT IS IT, MAN OR WOMAN?

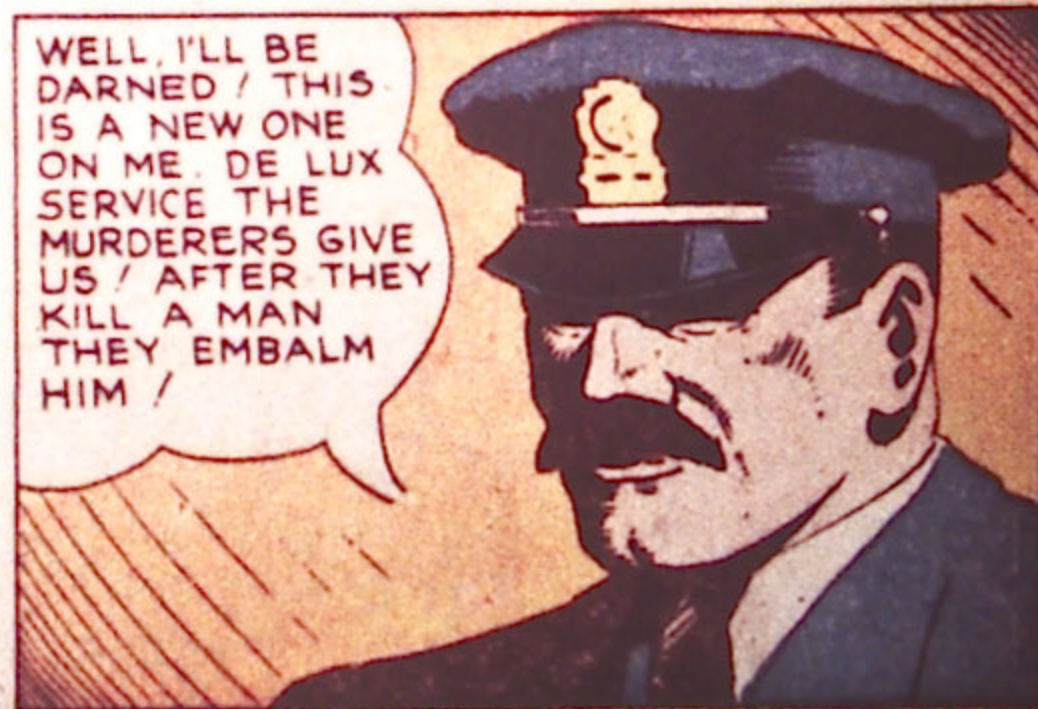
GOSH, DON'T ASK ME! I DIDN'T GO DOWN TO LOOK. I WOULDN'T GO DOWN INTO ANY MANHOLE WITH A CORPSE, NOT EVEN FOR DOUBLETIME PAY!



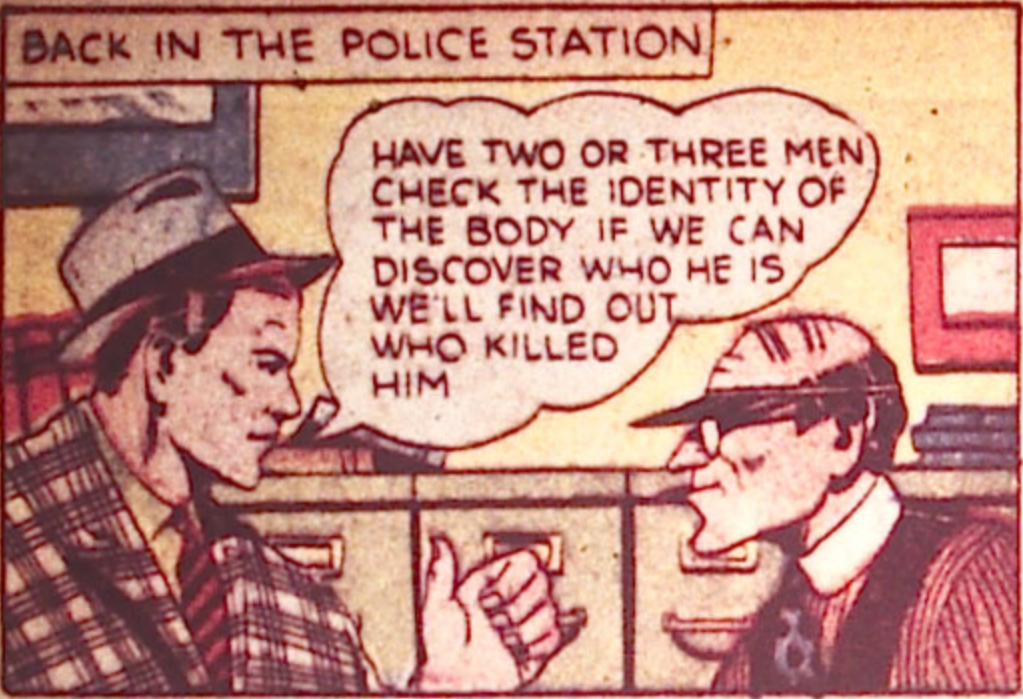
SAY CHIEF! IT'S A YOUNG FELLOW AND HE'S BEEN **EMBALMED**! NO SIGN OF A WOUND OR ANYTHING!



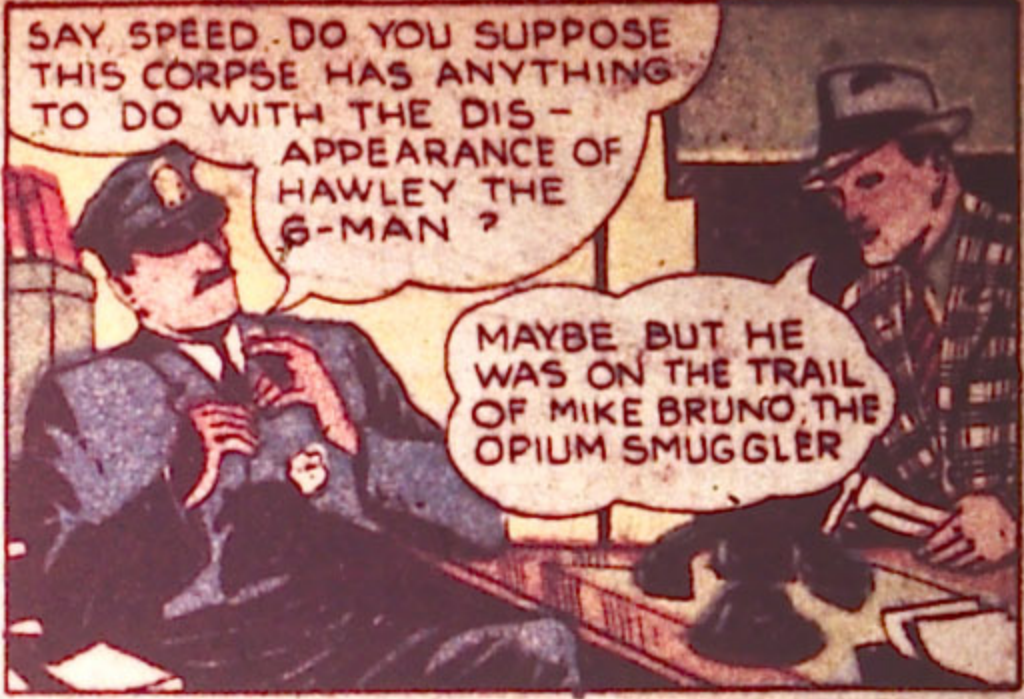
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! THIS IS A NEW ONE ON ME. DE LUX SERVICE THE MURDERERS GIVE US! AFTER THEY KILL A MAN THEY EMBALM HIM!



BACK IN THE POLICE STATION




HAVE TWO OR THREE MEN CHECK THE IDENTITY OF THE BODY IF WE CAN DISCOVER WHO HE IS WE'LL FIND OUT WHO KILLED HIM



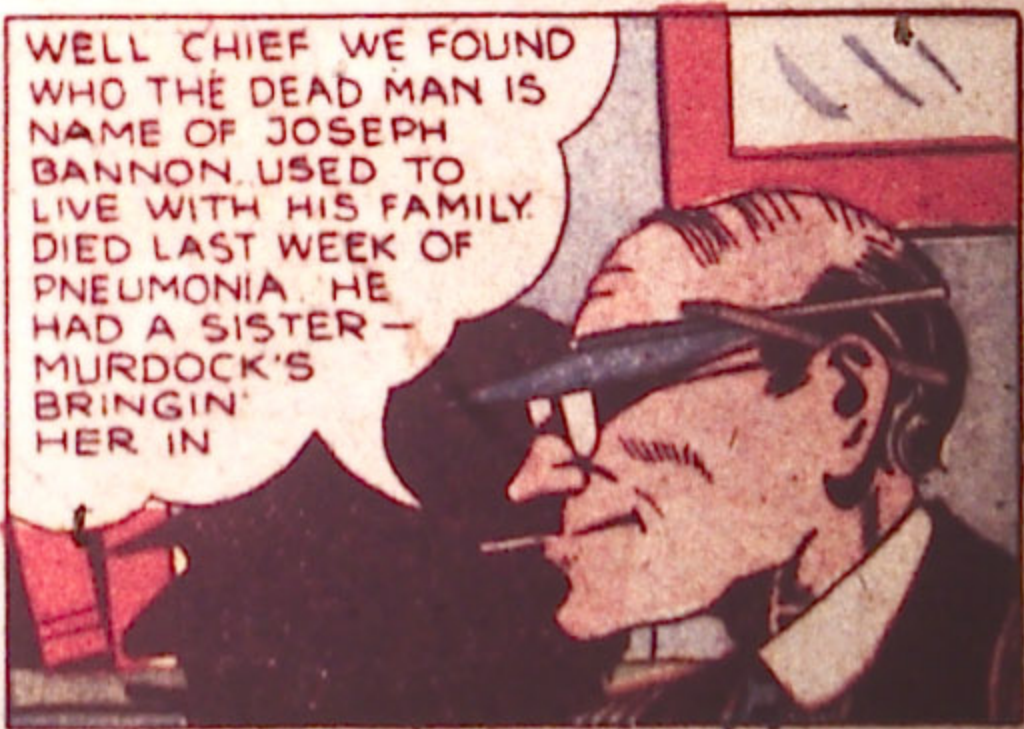
SAY SPEED. DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS CORPSE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE DIS-APPEARANCE OF HAWLEY THE G-MAN?

MAYBE BUT HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF MIKE BRUNO, THE OPIUM SMUGGLER




WHAT DO YOU THINK - HE'S BEEN BUMPED OFF?

LOOKS THAT WAY MIKE MUST HAVE DISCOVERED WHO HAWLEY WAS AND KILLED HIM AT ONCE




WELL CHIEF WE FOUND WHO THE DEAD MAN IS NAME OF JOSEPH BANNON. USED TO LIVE WITH HIS FAMILY. DIED LAST WEEK OF PNEUMONIA. HE HAD A SISTER - MURDOCK'S BRINGIN' HER IN

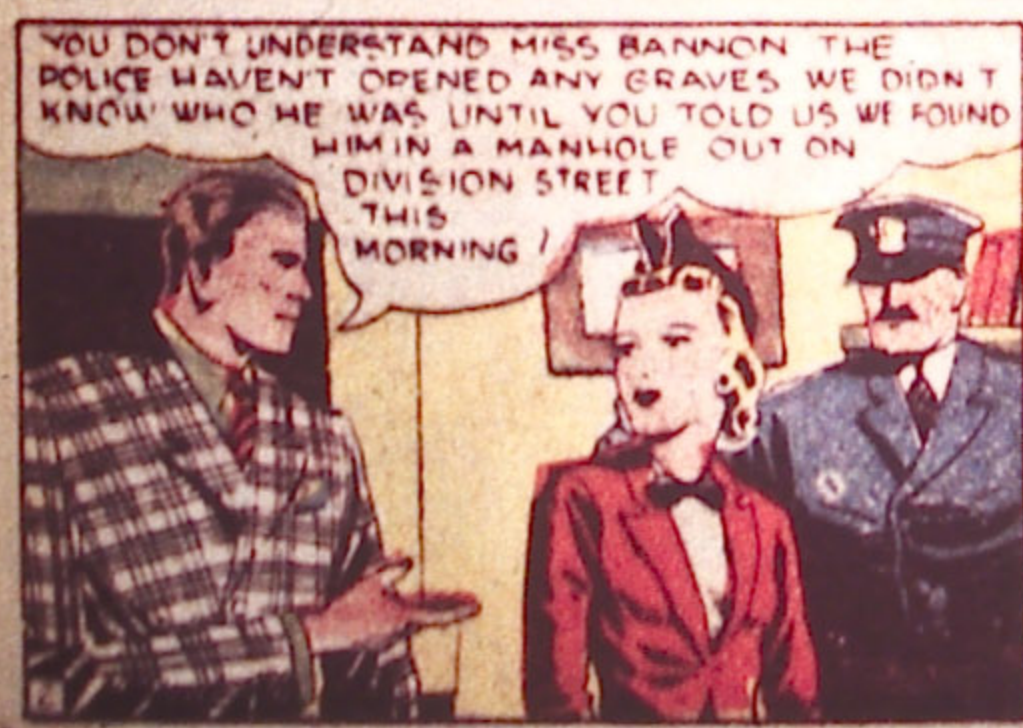


WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? CAN'T YOU LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE AFTER HE'S DEAD?


MY DEAR YOUNG LADY WE DIDN'T KNOW-



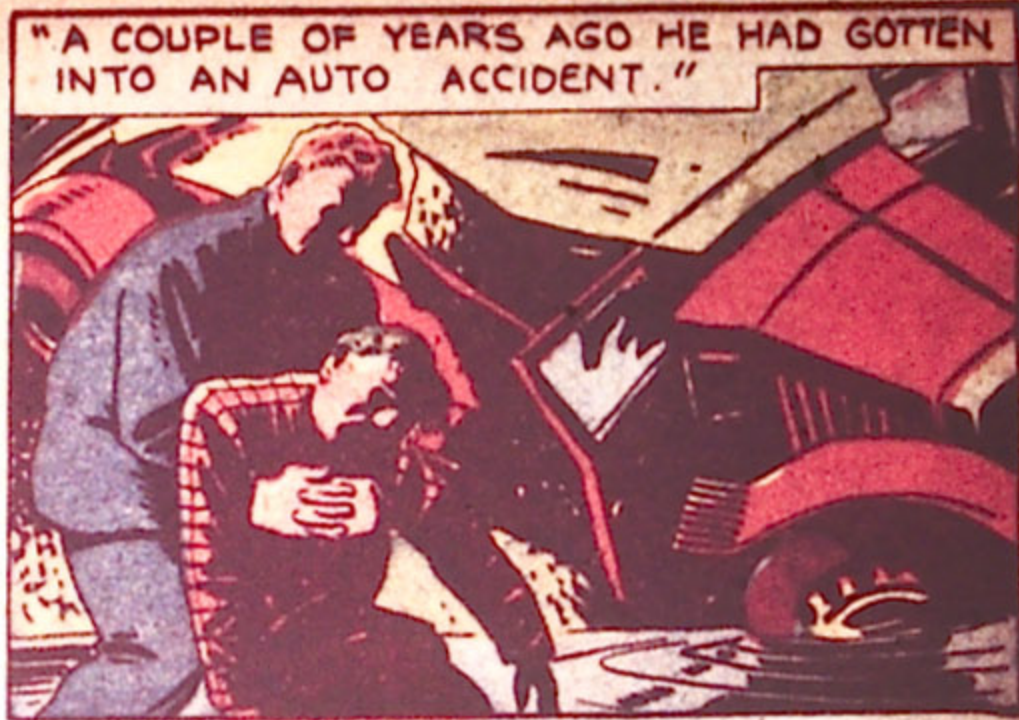
YOU DIDN'T KNOW! WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT BEFORE YOU DRAG AN INNOCENT BOY OUT OF HIS GRAVE?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MISS BANNON THE POLICE HAVEN'T OPENED ANY GRAVES WE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS UNTIL YOU TOLD US WE FOUND HIM IN A MANHOLE OUT ON DIVISION STREET THIS MORNING!



I - I DIDN'T KNOW. I THOUGHT - BUT WHO **DID** OPEN HIS GRAVE THEN?



THE OPEN CASKET REVEALS A MUTILATED BODY SCARCELY RESEMBLING ANYTHING HUMAN !

CRIPES !

WHY IT'S *HAWLEY*,
THE MISSING G-MAN !
I RECOGNIZE HIS
OLD BULLET SCAR !

I'M GOING BACK TO
THAT MANHOLE WHERE
THEY DUMPED
BANNON'S
BODY !

SPEED CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES A SUSPICIOUS
GROUP OF MEN BUSY AT THE MANHOLE —

GUESS IT'S ONLY
THE TELEPHONE
GANG STILL AT
WORK ! I'LL HAVE A
CHAT WITH THEM

SAY, YOU FELLOWS
WORK LATE, DON'T
YOU ?

YEAH, WE'RE BUSY,
ON YOUR WAY,
BUDDY !

MEN
AT
WORK

DON'T GET TOO NEAR
THAT MANHOLE - IT'S
DANGEROUS !

SOMETHING'S FISHY
HERE - SINCE WHEN
DO SERVICE BOYS
WEAR GOOD CLOTHES
ON THE JOB ?
GUESS I'LL HAVE
A LOOK AT
THE TRUCK !

SPEED SPIES A BROKEN STRING OF BEADS TRICKLING OUT OF A TARPULIN COVERED LUMP.



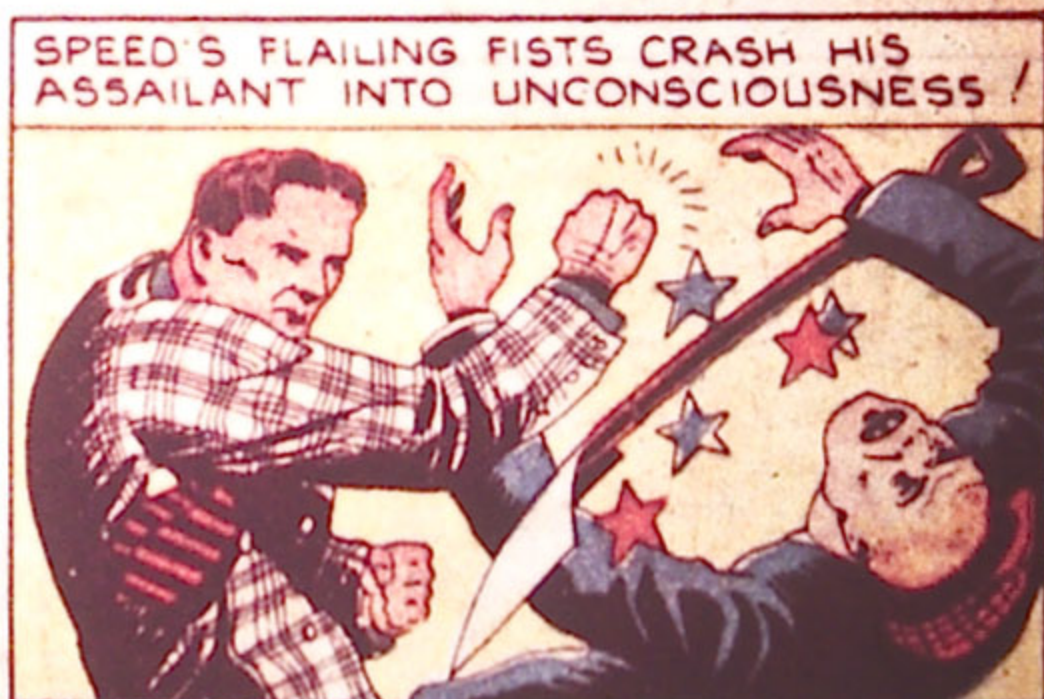
MISS BANNON!



WHY YOU...!



SPEED'S FLAILING FISTS CRASH HIS ASSAILANT INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!



NOW FOR YOU GUYS IN THE MANHOLE!



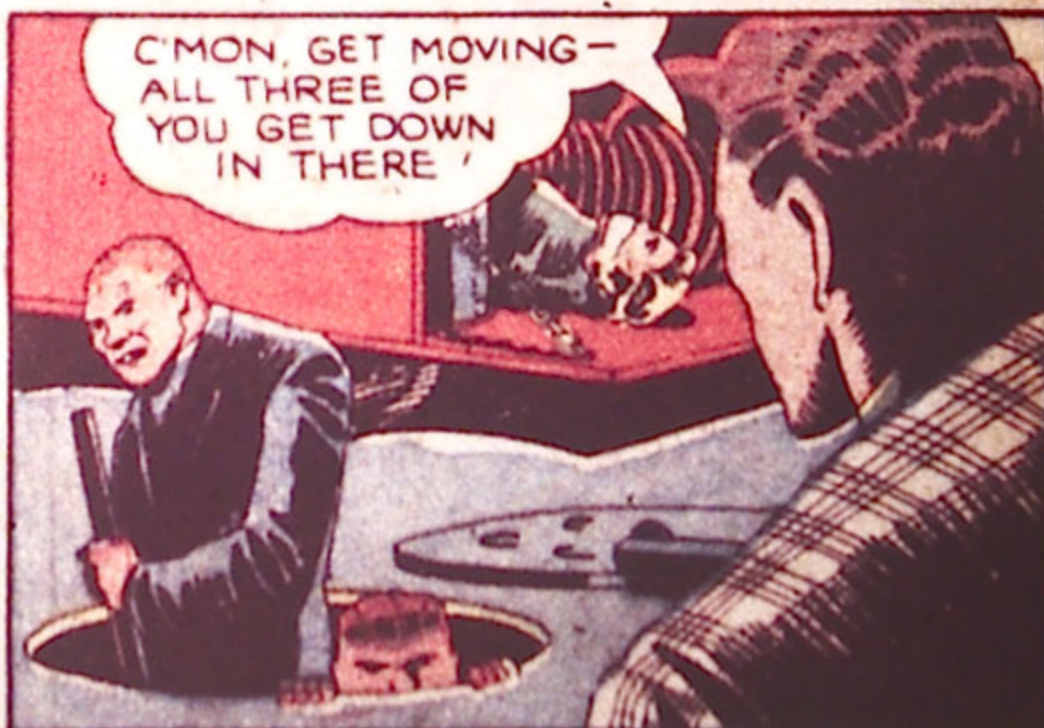
OW-W-W!

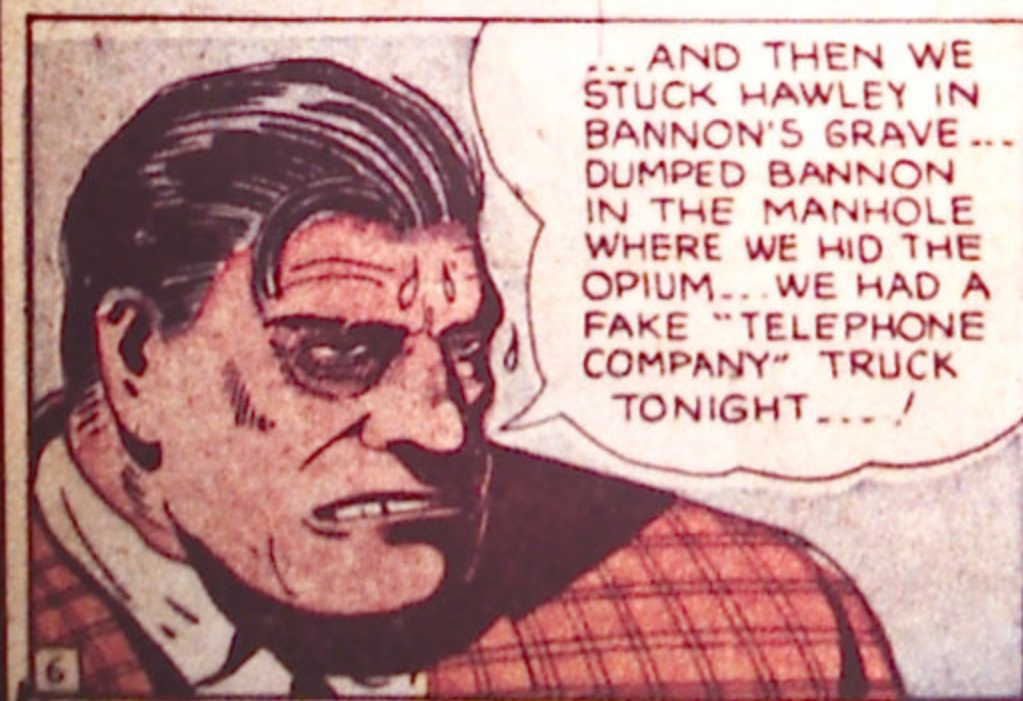
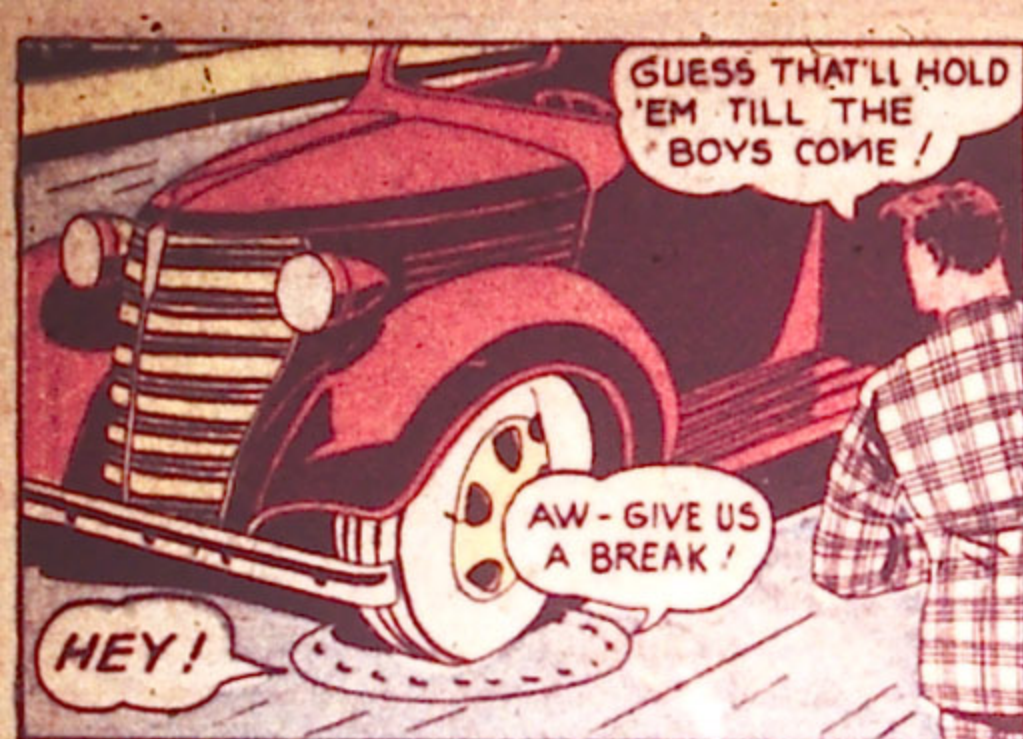


GUN IN HAND, SPEED QUICKLY TAKES CHARGE OF THE SITUATION —



C'MON, GET MOVING — ALL THREE OF YOU GET DOWN IN THERE!





BLACK TONY BARMACINO



DICTATOR OF THE DOPE DYNASTY

BLACK TONY AS HE LAY DYING IN THE U.S. HOSPITAL FOR DEFECTIVE DELINQUENTS WHERE HE WAS TRANSFERRED FROM LEAVENWORTH —



HE GOT HIS START "ROLLING" DRUNKS WHEN HE WAS A POOR KID ON THE BARBARY COAST —



UNLIKE MOST CROOKS HE WAS NOT DEFIANT, BUT FRIENDLY WITH THE LAW —



AS A CAFE OWNER HE GAINED THE REPUTATION OF BEING A BIG HEARTED "RIGHT" GUY —



DURING PROHIBITION HE OWNED FOUR SHIPS THAT RAN ILLEGAL LIQUOR BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND SHANGHAI, CHINA —



DOPE TAKES AN ANNUAL TOLL OF FIFTY MILLION FROM THE WEAKEST, MOST WRETCHED CREATURES OF THE UNDERWORLD — THE DOPE FIENDS — ONE IN EVERY 2000 PERSONS IN THE NATION IS CAUGHT —



SMALL FRY CROOKS OFTEN HAD TO TAKE THE RAP TO KEEP THE "HEAT" OFF TONY — ONE OF THESE "RATTED" AND DELIVERED HIM INTO THE HANDS OF THE F.B.I. —



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY WAS KIDNAPPED AND TIED UP TO BURN IN A WAREHOUSE- THE GANGSTERS WERE PLOTTING IT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT AND TO USE HIS CORPSE AS THAT OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN WHOM THEY HAVE MURDERED- THEN THEY WOULD COLLECT INSURANCE ON IMITATION PERSIAN RUGS WHICH REPLACED THE REAL GOODS THEY HAVE REMOVED FROM THE WAREHOUSE AND WOULD SELL FOR A HANDSOME PRICE-

BUT LARRY MANAGES TO ESCAPE AND TURN TWO OF THE THUGS OVER TO THE POLICE- THE LEADER HE LEFT TIED UP IN THE WAREHOUSE- WE SEE HIM ON HIS WAY THERE NOW--



LARRY REACHES THE PLACE AND RACES UP STAIRS-



WELL, BAD MANS, I SEE YOU'RE STILL HERE-

GIMME MY CLOTHES! I'M FREEZIN'



ONE BIT OF FUNNY STUFF AND YOU GET IT RIGHT NOW!



"SNOW" STOOPS TO PICK UP HIS COAT--



- BUT, INSTEAD OF PUTTING IT ON, HE FLINGS IT AT LARRY'S HEAD -



LARRY FIRES BUT MISSES - "SNOW" RUSHES HIM - -



THEY GO INTO A SCRAMBLE ON THE FLOOR - A KEROSENE LANTERN IS OVERTURNED -



THE OIL-SOAKED RUGS CATCH FIRE IMMEDIATELY -



"SNOW" DELIVERS A STUNNING BLOW TO LARRY'S HEAD AND BREAKS FREE -



IN A DAZE, LARRY AGAIN OPENS FIRE AT "SNOW" -



"SNOW" IS UNABLE TO MAKE THE DOWN STAIRS BECAUSE OF LARRY'S RAIN OF FIRE -



HE TURNS AND DASHES MADLY UP THE REAR STAIRS -



THE PLACE IS A MASS OF FLAMES - LARRY JUMPS TO HIS FEET AND MAKES AFTER HIM -



AS "SNOW" REACHES THE NEXT FLOOR, HE GRABS A HUGE CRATE AND SENDS IT HURTLING DOWN THE STAIRS



LARRY SEES IT AND LEAPS TO AVOID IT-



HE GRABS THE RAILING AND PULLS HIMSELF UP -



THE FLOOR BELOW IS A RAGING INFERNO BY NOW - SMOKE IS FILLING THE BUILDING -



"SNOW" TAKES TO THE ROOF IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE -



GEE'Z,
IF I ONLY
HAD A CAT!

- WITH LARRY STILL HOT ON HIS HEELS --



"SNOW" REACHES THE EDGE AND LEAPS TO A FIRE ESCAPE WHICH HAS AN ADJUSTABLE CAT WALK TO ANOTHER PORTION OF THE WAREHOUSE -



HE PULLS THE WALK IN AFTER HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE-



BUT IN DOING SO HE MAKES A TARGET FOR LARRY'S
AUTOMATIC -



CRIPES! THE
BAT GOT ME
IN THE ARM!!



HE STILL IS ABLE TO FLEE AND DOES SO INTO THE DARK-
NESS OF THE FOURTH STORY -



THE BLAZE IS RAGING UNDER LARRY - AT ANY MOMENT
THE BUILDING MAY COLLAPSE - HIS DESCENT IS CUT OFF -



I'LL HAVE
TO JUMP
FOR THAT
FIRE ESCAPE!



HE LEAPS AND NONE TOO SOON - A CRASH BELOW
TELLS HIM THE BUILDING IS GOING - -



FOUR STORIES UP! BELOW CERTAIN DEATH! HE GRABS
FRANTICALLY AND CATCHES THE RAIL OF THE FIRE
ESCAPE



HE DARTS IN THE WINDOW TO HEAR THE WALL OF THE
BUILDING HE HAS JUST DESERTED CRASH TO THE
GROUND



A MASS OF BURNING TIMBER AND INFLAMIBLE MER-
CHANDISE GOES DOWN IGNITING THE ADJACENT BUILD-
ING.



"SNOW" DASHES DOWNSTAIRS WEAVING CRAZILY FROM
HIS LOSS OF STRENGTH.



BUT AGAIN THE FIRE HAS CUT HIM OFF - HE LOOKS
WILDLY ABOUT HIM -



HE HEARS LARRY DESCENDING THE STAIRS --



"SNOW" STARTS ACROSS THE ROOM - THE FLAMES HAVE
ALREADY WEAKENED THE FLOOR -



SURE ENOUGH HIS WEIGHT IS TOO MUCH AND HE CRASH-
ES DOWN ---



TO THE NEXT FLOOR WHERE HE IS PINIONED BY FALLING
BLAZING TIMBER -



STEELE! STEELE!!
SAVE ME!!! DON'T
LET ME DIE!!!!



HE CRASHED THRU
THE FLOOR- I'VE GOT
TO SAVE HIM TO LEARN
WHERE THE STOLEN
RUGS ARE HIDDEN!

STEELE !!
SAVE ME!!

SHUT UP!
I'M COMING!

I'M HERE! THE
FIRES GETTING
CLOSER!! I CAN'T
MOVE!!!

LARRY REACHES HIM AND PULLS OFF THE BLAZING
TIMBERS -

CAN'T YOU
WALK?

NO-- MY LEGS ARE
BROKEN-- OH
STEELE SAVE ME!

LARRY DRAGS HIM OUT TO THE HALL FROM WHICH
THERE'S ESCAPE -

NOW, YOU FAT!
WHERE ARE
THOSE RUGS
HIDDEN?

OH-- GET ME
OUT OF HERE--

NOT UNTIL
YOU TALK!
DON'T FORGET
THIS WAS TO BE
MY END- YOU
COULD EASILY
TAKE MY PLACE -

NO! NO!
I'LL TALK!

"SNOW TALKS TO SAVE HIS LIFE -

OK. NOW
WE'LL SCRAM-

THE POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS HAVE ARRIVED -

CHIEF, HERE'S A
HUMAN WRECK
I SAVED FROM
BURNING- I THOUGHT
THE STATE REALLY
SHOULD ATTEND
TO THAT -



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

LATE ONE NIGHT THE DOOR BELL RINGS TO COSMO'S APARTMENT.



IT'S DEANE, CURATOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.



WHY, DEANE!
GLAD TO SEE
YOU, OLD BOY,
COME IN—
COME IN—

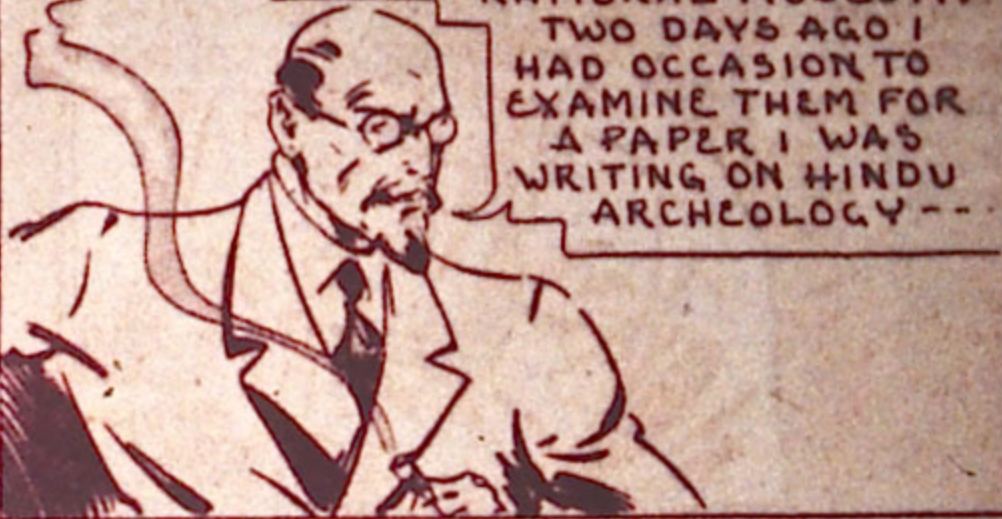
HELLO COSMO—TREAT
ME TO A SNACK AND
I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT
BRINGS ME
HERE.

IF YOU REMEMBER, ON OUR TRIP
TO INDIA LAST WINTER I BROUGHT
BACK A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF
STONES AND JEWELS FROM THE AN-
CIENT GRAVE OF THE RHANG PU
RULER.



YES, I RE-
MEMBER

THEY WERE PLACED ON PER-
MANENT DISPLAY IN THE
ORIENTAL ROOM OF THE
NATIONAL MUSEUM.



TWO DAYS AGO I
HAD OCCASION TO
EXAMINE THEM FOR
A PAPER I WAS
WRITING ON HINDU
ARCHAEOLOGY--

SEVERAL OF THE FINEST PIECES
HAVE BEEN LIFTED AND REPLACED
WITH IMITATIONS, SO CLEVERLY FA-
SHIONED OUT OF COL-
ORED GLASS AND
BASE METAL THAT
FEW BUT MYSELF
WOULD HAVE EVER
DETECTED THE DIF-
FERENCE.



VERY, VERY
INTRIGUING,
DEANE.

WE ARE DEALING WITH
A UNIQUE AND HIGHLY
CLEVER THIEF, DEANE.
I'LL COME DOWN
TO THE MUSEUM IN
THE MORNING AND
LOOK AROUND.

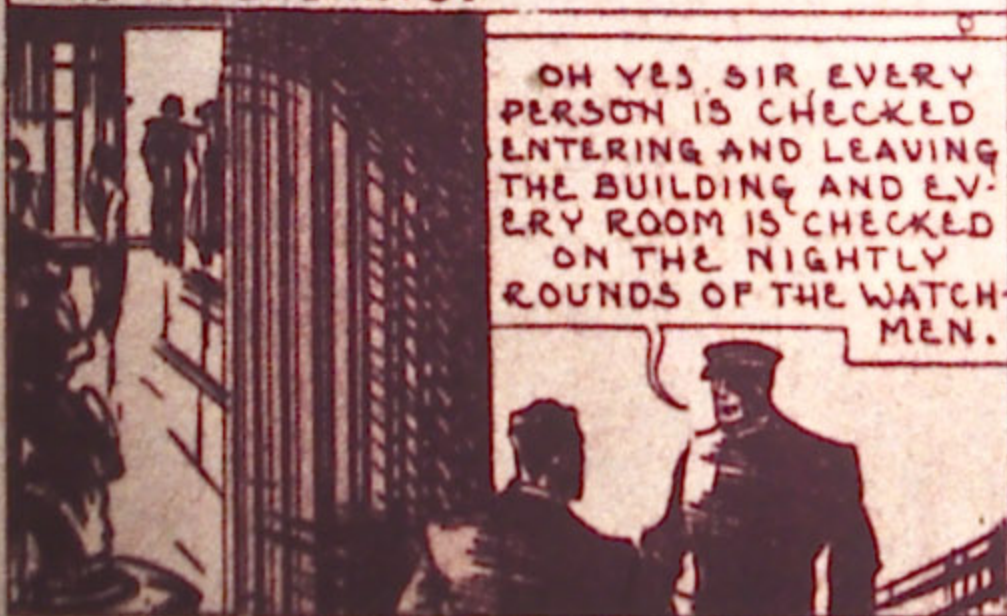


IT THOUGHT IT BEST
WE KEEP IT TO OUR-
SELVES FOR THE
TIME BEING ---

QUITE RIGHT, DEANE.
IT'S ALL TO OUR AD-
VANTAGE - TIME E-
NOUGH TO BROADCAST
THE NEWS LATER.



HE CASUALLY TALKS WITH THE GUARDS
AND ATTENDANTS.



OH YES, SIR EVERY
PERSON IS CHECKED
ENTERING AND LEAVING
THE BUILDING AND EV-
ERY ROOM IS CHECKED
ON THE NIGHTLY
ROUNDS OF THE WATCH-
MEN.

NEXT DAY COSMO ENTERS THE MUSEUM
AS ONE OF THE PUBLIC VISITORS.



WINDOWS AND
DOORS TOO, ARE
ALL BURGLAR
ALARMED--

WELL, NOT
MUCH CHANCE
FOR BURGLARY,
I'D SAY.

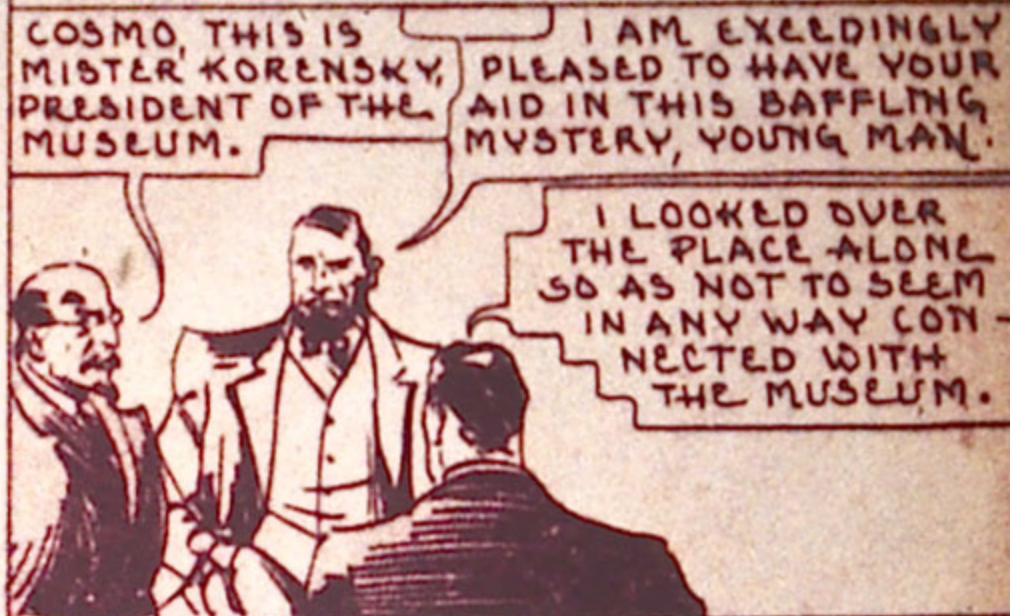


COSMO ENTERS THE GREAT HALL OF ORI-
ENTAL ART.



AH, HERE'S THE
CASE.
BEAUTIFULLY
FAKED, INDEED.

LATER HE CALLS AT DEANE'S OFFICE IN
THE MUSEUM.



COSMO, THIS IS
MISTER KORENSKY,
PRESIDENT OF THE
MUSEUM.

I AM EXCEEDINGLY
PLEASED TO HAVE YOUR
AID IN THIS BAFFLING
MYSTERY, YOUNG MAN.

I LOOKED OVER
THE PLACE ALONE
SO AS NOT TO SEEM
IN ANY WAY CON-
NECTED WITH
THE MUSEUM.

AND WHAT HAVE
YOU DISCOVERED,
COSMO?--

ONLY A VERY
PERFECT JOB,
GENTLEMEN.
MY FIRST SUSPIC-
IONS POINT TO THE
WATCHMEN OR
ATTENDANTS.



THAT'S QUITE A FORCE,
COSMO, AT LEAST FIF-
TEEN OR TWENTY PER-
SONS INVOLVED

I SUGGEST WE ASK
THE POLICE TO
SECRETLY
CHECK ON
THEM

GOOD IDEA -
IN THE MEAN -
TIME I'LL THINK
OUT SOME WAY
TO TACKLE
THIS CASE.



WHILE THE THREE MEN ARE STILL IN
CONSULTATION A CLERK ENTERS WITH
A MESSAGE.

WE'VE JUST RECEIV-
ED A CONSIGNMENT
OF JEWELRY FROM
PROFESSOR MAC
PHERSON,
SIR.

OH, YES-YES,
THAT'S MAC PHER-
SON'S EXPEDITION
IN PERU. THEY'RE EX-
CAVATING AN OLD IN-
CA TEMPLE DISCOVER-
ED IN THE
INTERIOR.



HM! ONE OF THE
FINEST COLLECT
IONS I'VE EVER
SEEN. MUST BE
WORTH A GOOD
200 000-

WHAT WILL
YOU DO WITH
IT?

AS SOON AS CLAS-
SIFIED WE'LL
PLACE IT IN OUR
EXHIBITION
ROOMS -
PROBABLY NEXT
WEEK SOME
TIME.



TWO WEEKS OF FRUITLESS WORK ELAPSE -
THEN, ONE NIGHT, AS THE WATCHMAN ON
HIS ROUNDS ENTERS THE AZTEC ROOM -



THE LIGHTS DIM--- OUT OF THE DARK-
NESS A HORRIBLE LAUGH- A FIENDISH-
APPARITION EMERGES, GROWING TO GI-
GANTIC PROPORTIONS.



A BLOODCURDLING SHRIEK RENDS THE
GLOOMY CORRIDORS.



THE NIGHT SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS
ASSISTANT FIND THEIR WATCHMAN GIB-
BERING HYSTERICALLY.



W-H-H-E'S COME F-F-FOR
ME - IT'S A-A CURSE F-F-
FROM THE M-M-MUMMY IN
T-T-THE

THE WATCHMAN IS TAKEN AWAY SUFFER-
ING FROM SHOCK.



CALL PROFESSOR DEANE
DOWN, HE'S STILL WORK
ING UP IN HIS LAB-
ORATORY TO NIGHT.

DEANE RUSHES TO COSMO'S QUARTERS AND INFORMS HIM OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT.

WELL, THIS IS BAFFLING IN THE EXTREME, DEANE.



I'VE A HUNCH, DEANE -- TAKE A LOOK AT THE INCA JEWELS IN THE MORNING AND LET ME KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG. IN THE MEAN-TIME SUPPRESS ANY REPORT OF THE NIGHT'S HAPPENING.



NEXT DAY DEANE CALLS COSMO TO MEET HIM AT THE CLUB.

COSMO YOU ARE RIGHT THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG. THE INCA JEWELS ARE BEING STOLEN AND REPLACED WITH FAKES.



I THOUGHT SO -- LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE. I'VE AN IDEA I WANT TO WORK OUT ALONE. IF IT SUCCEEDS I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU -- DON'T EVEN TELL KORENSKY.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A SUNDAY, THE MUSEUM IS CROWDED WITH VISITORS.



SUDDENLY AN EXPLOSION REVERBERATES THROUGH THE HALLS - PANIC SEIZES THE CROWDS.



IN THE ENSUING PANDEMONIUM A FIGURE SLIPS UNNOTICED INTO THE BUILDING.



THE CROWDS ARE PLACATED AS ORDER IS RESTORED.



WHY IT'S ONLY A HARMLESS FIRE-CRACKER ---

I BET SOME KIDS MUST HAVE SET IT OFF.

AS EIGHT O'CLOCK APPROACHES THE CLOSING BELL RINGS THROUGH THE BUILDING.



NO ONE HAS NOTICED IN THE DUSK WHERE THE STRANGER HAS CREPT INTO AN ENORMOUS MEXICAN OLLA IN THE AZTEC ROOM.



AT LAST ALL IS QUIET IN THE GREAT BUILDING, A LOW LIGHT TENDING ONLY TO INTENSIFY THE DARK RECESSES.



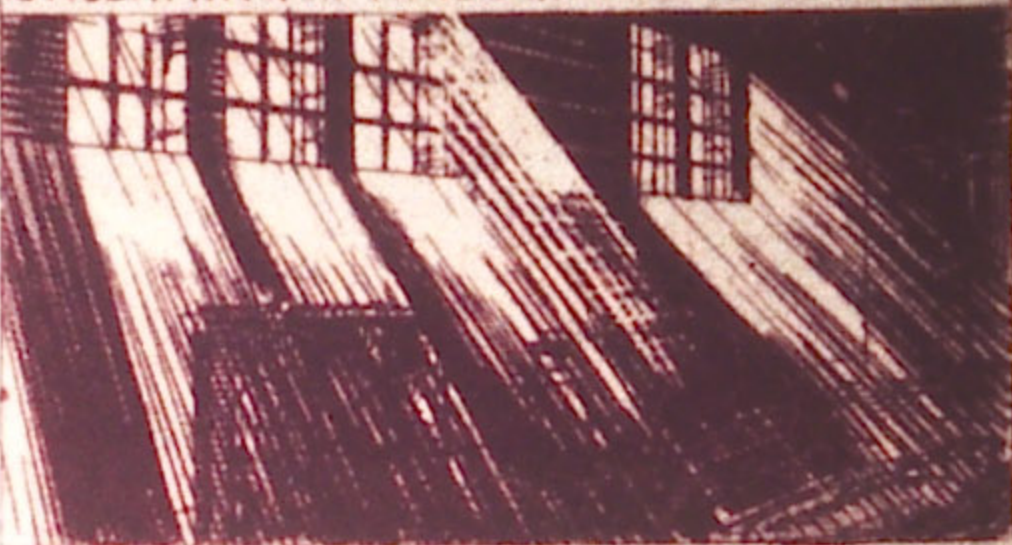
AFTER AN INTERMINABLE WHILE THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AS ONE OF THE NIGHT-WATCHMEN DRAWS CLOSER.



THE OLD MAN REPORTS AT THE ALARM BOX AND CONTINUES ON.



A FEW MINUTES ELAPSE WHEN THE LIGHT SUDDENLY GOES OUT IN THE BIG ROOM WITH ONLY THE MOONBEAMS STREAMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS.



THEN - A SLIGHT, CREAKING SOUND ARISES FROM ONE OF THE LARGE OBJECTS IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE HALL.



SLOWLY THE WRAPPED FORM OF A MUMMY BEGINS TO MOVE - FROM UNDER IT ARISES A FANTASTIC FIGURE - IT MOVES TOWARD THE CASE CONTAINING THE INCA JEWELS.



IT CAREFULLY RAISES THE GLASS CASE AND REMOVES SEVERAL GOLD OBJECTS, REPLACING THEM WITH SIMILAR ONES PULLED FROM THE FOLDS OF ITS WRAPPINGS.



JUST THEN THE OLD WATCHMAN RETURNS - THE APPARITION TURNS IT'S HIDEOUS FACE AND EMITS A RATTLING CROAK AS IT GROWS TO A FANTASTIC HEIGHT.



WITHOUT A SOUND THE OLD MAN FALLS LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR, HIS GLASSY EYES BULGING FROM HIS HEAD.



NOISELESSLY ANOTHER DARK FIGURE MOVES IN THE SHADOWS - SUDDENLY AN OBJECT HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR, CATCHING THE APPARITION BACK OF THE HEAD.



THE DARK FIGURE IS COSMO - QUICKLY HE REACHES THE STRANGE FORM, GRABBING THE WATCHMAN'S LIGHT HE RIPS THE COVERING OFF THE FALLEN SHAPE, IN THE MEANTIME RAISING THE ALARM.



HELLOH! QUICK, SOMEBODY, TURN ON THE LIGHTS.



--NEVER MIND HOW I GOT HERE. QUICK, GET PROFESSOR DEANE AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

GENTLEMEN, MAY I PRESENT THE GHOST, KORENSKY. LOOK UNDER THE MUMMY CASE AND I BELIEVE YOU'LL FIND A SECRET PASSAGE. HE CAN BEST EXPLAIN THE JEWEL THEFT. I CAME HERE YESTERDAY, PLACED A LIT FIRE-CRACKER IN THE BUILDING, WENT OUT AND IN THE ENSUING EXCITEMENT SNEAKED BACK IN AND HID IN THE OLLA. I WAS SURE THIS PILFERING WOULD CONTINUE DURING THE NIGHT BUT THIS IS A BIGGER FOX THAN I EXPECTED. HE MADE A CLEVER COSTUME, SMEARED IT WITH PHOSPHOR AND H'D RAISE IT WITH A POLE, KILLING THE OLD WATCHMAN WITH FRIGHT AND PERHAPS PERMANENTLY AFFECTING THE MIND OF THE OTHER GUARD.



TOO MANY CROOKS.



part 3

by Tom Hickey.

MR. PARSONS AND I HAD PLANNED THAT IF EVER WE SHOULD ENCOUNTER THE JEWEL THIEVES AT THE SAME TIME, I WOULD PULL A BLANK GUN ON HIM AND SUPPOSEDLY KILL HIM.



WE FIGURED THIS WOULD KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. FIRST, IT WOULD PROBABLY SCARE OFF ANY FUTURE ATTEMPT AT STEALING THE OMAR DIAMOND FOR FEAR OF BEING IMPLICATED IN THE MURDER.



AND AT THE SAME TIME DIVERT ANY SUSPICION FROM ME AS A POSSIBLE AID OF PARSONS.



HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN PARSON'S ROOM AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY. HOW DID YOU KNOW WHEN THE JOB WOULD BE PULLED?



I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AWAYS TO TELL YOU THAT.



I FINALLY BOILED MY CAST OF SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS DOWN TO FOUR PEOPLE. - JILL DARDEN AND HER ACCOMPLICE, MRS. JESSUP, AND TWO NOTORIOUS CROOKS, COLLINS AND STRAFACCHI.



I BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF MISS BARDEN AND HER SUPPOSED AUNT, WHEN THEY DISPLAYED SUCH AN INTEREST IN MR. PARSONS.



THEY JUST ABOUT BROKE THEIR NECKS TRYING TO MEET HIM, AND AFTER THAT THE OLDER WOMAN WAS CONSTANTLY IN HIS COMPANY.



THEN ONE NIGHT THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM. IT TURNED OUT TO BE FALSE. I WAS QUITE SURE THERE WAS A REASON FOR IT. IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT.



DURING THE TURMOIL ON DECK I STOOD NEAR THE STAIRS WHICH MISS BARDEN WOULD HAVE TO COME DOWN TO REACH THE DECK. SHE DIDN'T SHOW UP!



DID YOU SEE THE OLDER WOMAN AND COLLINS AND STRAFACCHI, YOUR OTHER SUSPECTS, ON DECK?

YES, THEY WERE, SO THAT MORE OR LESS ABSOLVES THEM.



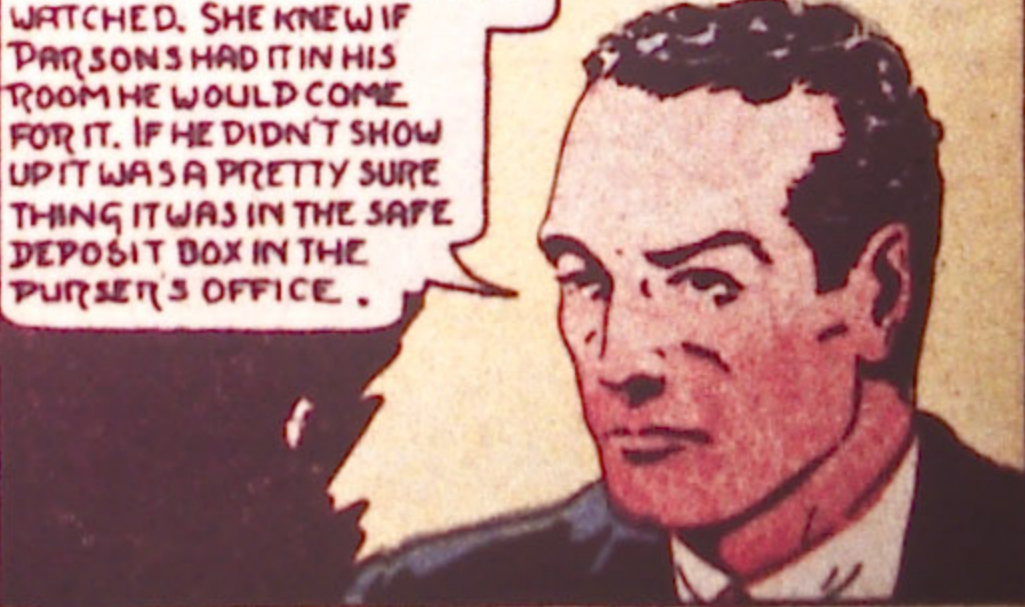
SUDDENLY THE WHOLE SETUP CAME TO ME. THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM BOX NEXT TO MISS BARDEN'S STATEROOM AND PARSONS ROOM WAS DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HALL.



SHE PROBABLY FIGURED THAT IF THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM, PARSONS WOULD GO FOR THE DIAMOND IMMEDIATELY.



AFTER SHE RANG THE ALARM SHE DUCKED IN HER ROOM AND WATCHED. SHE KNEW IF PARSONS HAD IT IN HIS ROOM HE WOULD COME FOR IT. IF HE DIDN'T SHOW UP IT WAS A PRETTY SURE THING IT WAS IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE.



A PRETTY SLICK MOVE
WASN'T IT?

Yes, very clever.



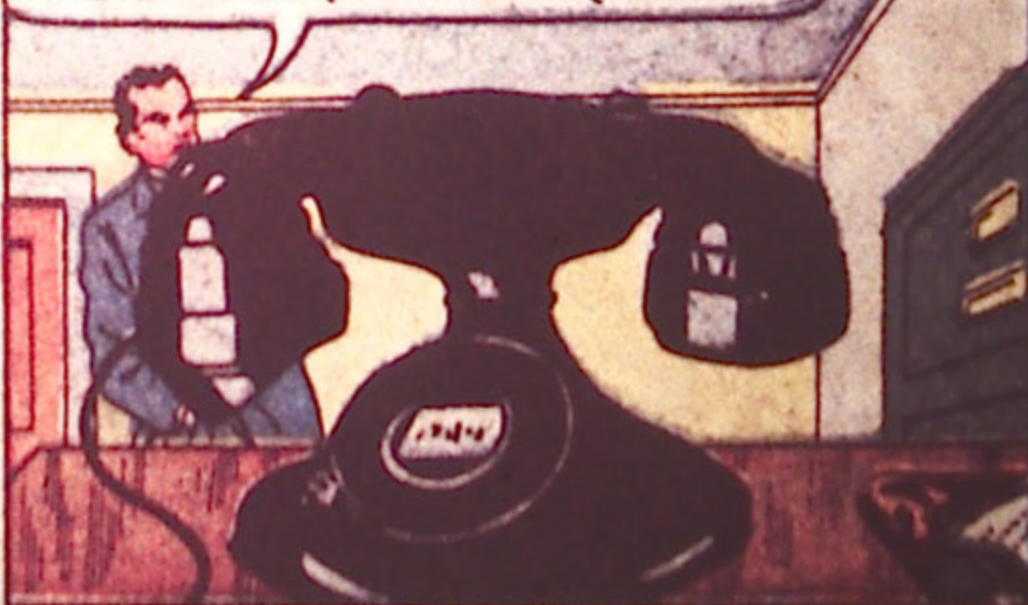
IN AS MUCH AS THE TRIP WAS NEARING ITS END I FIGURED
THE JOB WOULD BE PULLED THE NEXT NIGHT DURING THE
COSTUME BALL WHEN MOST EVERYONE WAS IN THE BALLROOM.



SO I STUCK TO PAT LIKE GLUE THAT EVENING. WHEN SHE
ASKED TO BE EXCUSED, SAYING SHE HAD A HEADACHE AND
WISHED TO LIE DOWN, I WAS PRETTY SURE THINGS WERE
GOING TO POP.



I SIGNALLED MR. PARSONS AND HE MANAGED TO TEAR
HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE OTHER WOMAN.



THAT'S RIGHT. THEN I ENTERED MY STATEROOM AND
CAUGHT MISS BARDEN WITH THE OMAR DIAMOND.



THEN NELSON HERE BURST INTO THE ROOM PRETENDING
TO BE AFTER THE DIAMOND ALSO.



I DEMANDED THAT MR. PARSONS GIVE ME THE JEWEL.
WHEN HE REFUSED I FIRED AT HIM WITH THE BLANK GUN.



I KNEW THAT COLLINS AND STRAFFACHI WOULD BE AFTER THE DIAMOND EVENTUALLY SO I WANTED TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY SO I WOULD HAVE A CLEAR FIELD TO WORK ON MISS BARDEN AND MRS. JESSUP.



COLLINS AND STRAFFACHI MADE THEIR MOVE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED. THEY CAME AFTER THE DIAMOND WHILE WE WERE STILL IN THE ROOM.



WE HEARD THEM AT THE DOOR AND HID. THEY WERE SO INTENT IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE DIAMOND THAT I MANAGED TO SLIP MISS BARDEN OUT OF THE ROOM TO SUMMON THE CAPTAIN.



THE CAPTAIN WAS IN ON THIS WITH YOU AND PARSONS, WASN'T HE?

YES, I NEEDED HIS HELP.



WHEN HE ARRIVED, I TOLD HIM I WAS PASSING IN THE HALL AND HEARD A SHOT. ON ENTERING THE ROOM I FOUND COLLINS AND STRAFFACHI RANSACKING THE ROOM.



THE CAPTAIN AND TWO OFFICERS SEARCHED THE ROOM AND FOUND MR. PARSONS UNDER THE BED, APPARENTLY DEAD. SO COLLINS AND HIS BOY FRIEND WERE SLAPPED IN IRONS ON A MURDER CHARGE.



THAT HELPED MATTERS A LOT. I HAD THE DIAMOND AND ALSO THE GOODS ON MISS BARDEN AND MRS. JESSUP. — I HELD ALL THE CARDS.



A VERY SMOOTH JOB INDEED, BRUCE. AND HAVE YOU STILL GOT THE DIAMOND?

NO, MRS. JESSUP HAS IT!



WHAT! YOU LOST IT AGAIN?

HUH!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!
REMEMBER MY JOB WASN'T
JUST TO GET THE DIAMOND
BACK, OR JUST TO GET
TWO PEOPLE, BUT TO
SMASH THAT ENTIRE
RING OF JEWEL
THIEVES.



THAT RING IS THE MOST NOTORIOUS IN THE COUNTRY.
MISS BARDEN AND MRS. JESSUP ARE MERE COGS IN THEIR
MACHINE.

MRS. JESSUP GAVE ME AN ADDRESS IN THE BRONX WHERE I
AM TO GO TO MEET THEM AND GET MY CUT. WE'LL DRIVE
UP THERE NOW AND MAYBE
WE CAN ROUND UP THE
WHOLE GANG.

WHAT'S TO KEEP HER FROM
DOUBLE CROSSING YOU AND
GIVING YOU A PHONY ADDRESS?

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO
SEE IF SHE WOULD DO. IT
REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.
THEY'LL BE LOOKING ME UP
SHORTLY. I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER. LET'S GO!

SO NELSON, PARSONS, MORTON,
CHIEF DETECTIVE HORAN AND DETECTIVE
JACKSON WERE SOON SPEEDING THRU
THE CANYONS OF MANHATTAN UP
TOWARDS THE BRONX.

WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS AGAIN NELSON?

2284 SCHENLY AVE.



WE'LL, WE'VE BEEN ON SCHENLY AVE. FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES AND IT LOOKS RATHER DESOLATE.

YEAH, IT LOOKS AS IF I'M HOLDING THE BAG.



WELL, HERE WE ARE, - A DEAD END STREET!

THERE ISN'T ANY 2284 NELSON, IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE BUNGLED THE WORKS.

NO, I DON'T THINK SO. LET'S GO BACK TO MY APARTMENT. THINGS SHOULD START TO HAPPEN SHORTLY.



I THINK NELSON'S HOLDING SOMETHING BACK FROM US. AREN'T YOU BRUCE?



THAT'S RIGHT PARSONS. I'LL COME CLEAN. I STILL HAVE THE OMAR DIAMOND IN MY POSSESSION.



THE ONE I SLIPPED IN THE BANDAGE ON MRS. JESSUP'S ANKLE WAS ONLY AN IMITATION. I HAD REASONS FOR NOT TELLING YOU BEFORE, BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND NOW.



WHEW! YOU SURE HAD ME WORRIED. - WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF GIVING MRS. JESSUP AN IMITATION?



WHEN THEY FIND OUT IT'S NOT THE REAL OMAR DIAMOND THEY'RE BOUND TO LOOK ME UP TO FIND OUT WHAT THE BIG IDEA IS, AND THAT'S WHEN WE'RE GOING TO TRAP THEM.



WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

WELL, HERE'S THE WAY
IF I FIGURED IT - ETC., ETC.



BACK
IN
NELSON'S
APARTMENT.
ONE HALF
HOUR
LATER.

THERE GOES THE PHONE. I'LL BET THAT'S
THEM NOW.



HELLO - YES, THIS IS NELSON.
- OH! MISS BARDEN!
- HOW ARE YOU?



NOT SO WELL, THANKS TO YOU. - BRUCE - DO YOU KNOW
THAT DIAMOND YOU GAVE US IS ONLY AN IMITATION?



WHAT! AN IMITATION! SO PARSONS SLIPPED ONE
OVER ON US!



SOME ONE DID. THE BOSS IS FIT
TO BE TIED. HE'S BLAMING
MRS. JESSUP AND I AND
HE'S OUT AFTER YOUR
NECK!



BUT IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. - WHERE ARE YOU?

I'LL COME DOWN AND
EXPLAIN IT ALL TO THE
BIG SHOT.



NO! NO! - I'LL COME TO YOUR PLACE. I'LL BE UP IN
HALF AN HOUR.



IT WORKED MEN. SHE'S COMING UP HERE. I'LL SET UP A DICTAPHONE IN THIS ROOM. YOU MEN HIDE IN THE BED ROOM AND LISTEN CAREFULLY TO EVERYTHING SAID.



FORTY MINUTES PASSED AND THEN THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDED.

O.K. MEN. GET OUT OF SIGHT. IS THE DICTAPHONE ALL SET HORAN?

ALL SET BRUCE.



HELLO PAT. OUTSIDE OF A SLIGHTLY TROUBLED LOOK, YOU'RE JUST AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER.



HELLO YOURSELF. YOU'LL HAVE A SLIGHTLY TROUBLED LOOK BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH.

YES, THE STONE YOU GAVE US IS ONLY AN IMITATION. AT FIRST THE BIG BOSS BLAMED MRS. JESSUP AND ME. HE TOLD US TO GET THE REAL ONE OR ELSE—!

BUT THE STONE I GAVE YOU WAS THE ONLY ONE WE HAD. I'LL HAVE TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE THAT.



YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME TO THE GANGS' HIDE OUT PAT. I'LL MAKE HIM SEE YOU AND MRS. JESSUP ARE ON THE SQUARE.



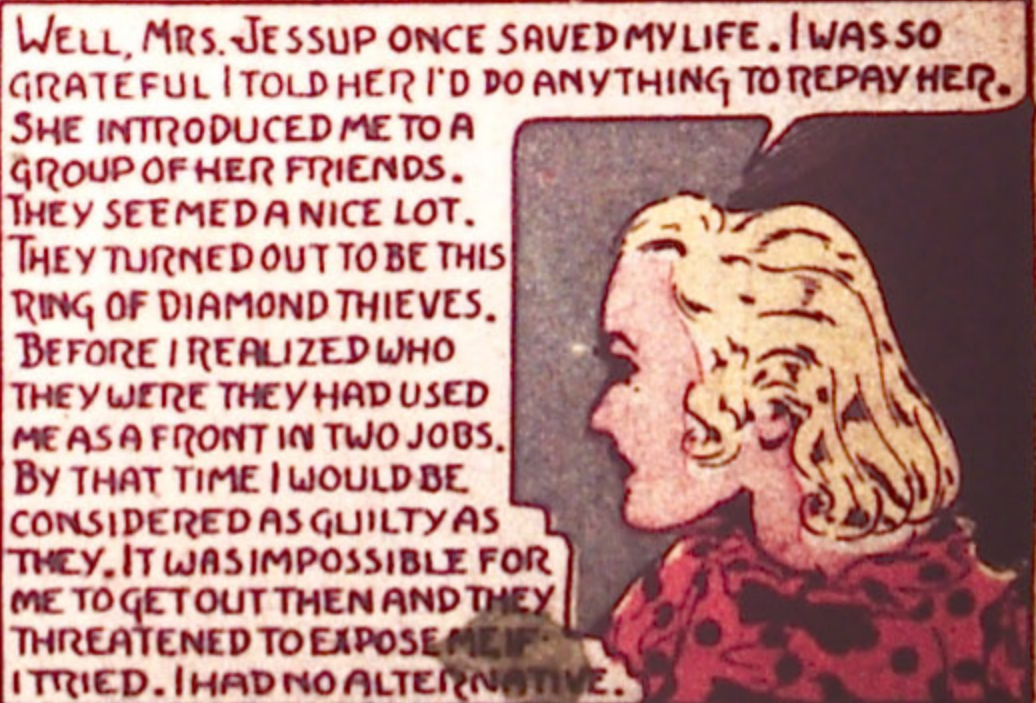
NO! YOU CAN'T GO DOWN THERE BRUCE! — HE WON'T BELIEVE YOUR STORY! HE'LL KILL YOU! PLEASE — BRUCE!

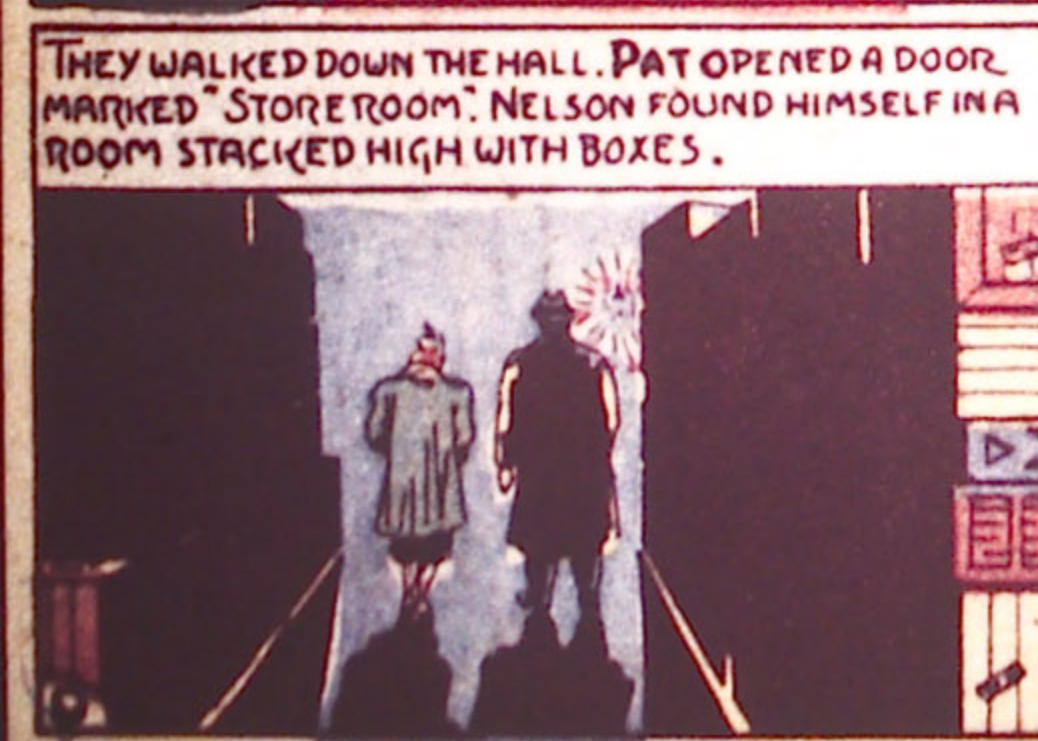
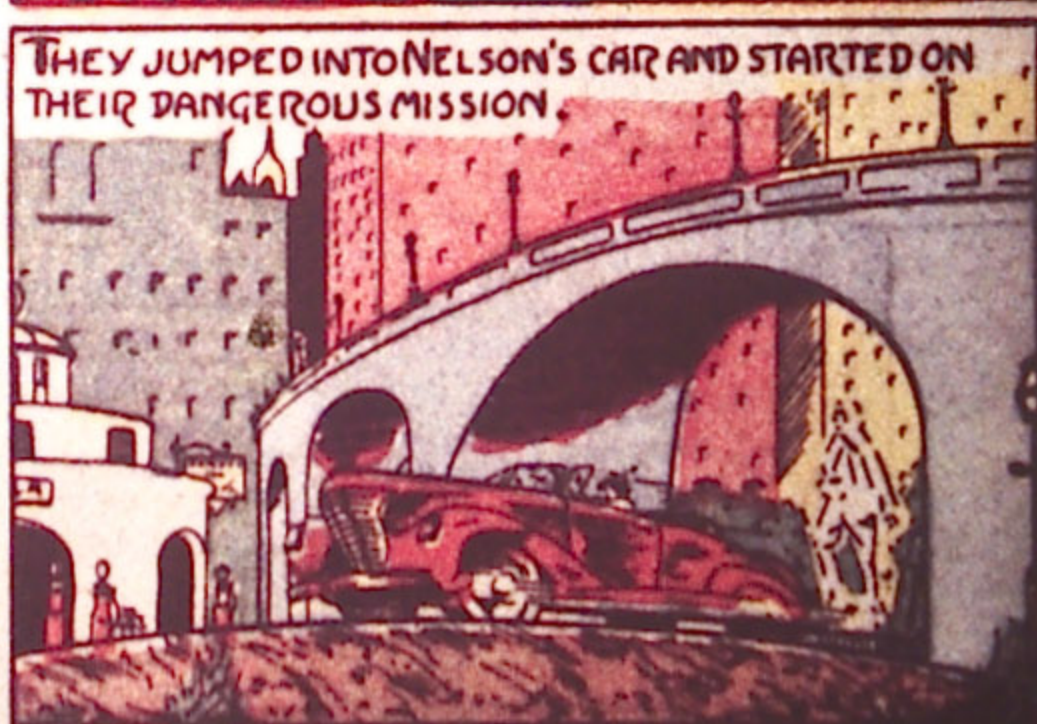


YOU SEEM TERRIBLY CONCERNED ABOUT MY WELFARE PAT. — YOU'RE A SWELL GIRL! HOW DID YOU EVER GET MIXED UP IN THIS RACKET?



WELL, MRS. JESSUP ONCE SAVED MY LIFE. I WAS SO GRATEFUL I TOLD HER I'D DO ANYTHING TO REPAY HER. SHE INTRODUCED ME TO A GROUP OF HER FRIENDS. THEY SEEMED A NICE LOT. THEY TURNED OUT TO BE THIS RING OF DIAMOND THIEVES. BEFORE I REALIZED WHO THEY WERE THEY HAD USED ME AS A FRONT IN TWO JOBS. BY THAT TIME I WOULD BE CONSIDERED AS GUILTY AS THEY. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET OUT THEN AND THEY THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME IF I TRIED. I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE.





THEY STEPPED THRU AND CROSSED A ROOM LOADED WITH MENS CLOTHING.



BOY! IS THIS A FOOL PROOF LAYOUT. FREELAND, FREELAND & HEMMLER CLOTHES. - THAT SOUNDS A BIT FAMILIAR.

I SURE HOPE HORAN AND THE BOYS HEARD PAT TELL ME THIS ADDRESS. IF THEY DON'T FOLLOW ME I'M SUNK.



THEY CAME TO ANOTHER DOOR. PAT RAPPED TWICE, HESITATED, THEN RAPPED ONCE. A BULL NECKED MAN ADMITTED THEM.



HELLO, TONY.

SO DIS IS DA MUG, HA?

THEY ENTERED A LARGE, WELL FURNISHED OFFICE. THERE WERE 3 MEN PRESENT. ONE STOOD BACK OF AN IMPOSING DESK. NELSON GASPED IN SURPRISE AS HE RECOGNIZED THE "BIG BOSS".



WELL I'LL BE -! YOU'RE FREELAND THE SO CALLED CLOTHING MANUFACTURER. I MET AT THE MASQUERADE BALL ON THE BOAT!

AND YOU'RE THE BIG OIL MAN FROM THE WEST. WHY YOU CHEAP, DOUBLE CROSSIN' DIAMOND SNATCHER!



TAKE IT EASY FREELAND. I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF TAKING THAT KIND OF CHATTER!



NO? WELL YOU'RE TAKING THAT AND A LOT MORE!

WHERE'S THE REAL OMAR DIAMOND AND NO BLUFFIN'! MY TRIGGER FINGER IS ITCHING!



AS I TOLD MISS BARDEN HERE, THAT DIAMOND WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD. I DIDN'T DOUBLE CROSS YOU, BUT PARSONS SLIPPED ONE OVER ON ME.



OH YOU STUPID FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH?

PATRICIA! HOLD YOUR TONGUE!

GONE SOFT EH! YOU'RE PROBABLY IN ON THIS WITH HIM TOO. WELL NEITHER OF YOU WILL LIVE TO ENJOY IT



FOR THE LAST TIME NELSON HAND OVER THAT DIAMOND!

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW. I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO FIRE AWAY.



ALL RIGHT WISE GUY. WE HAVE A SWELL SPOT ON THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER FOR YOU, TONY! ARE THE WEIGHTS AND ROPE IN THE CAR?



ALL SET BOSS! THE CARS DOWNSTAIRS IN THE CELLAR GARAGE.



JESSUP, YOU STAY HERE WITH THE GIRL. WE'RE TAKING THIS WISE APPLE FOR A RIDE. AND WATCH HER CLOSELY, SHE'S GONE SOFT ON US. SHE'S LIABLE TO TRY ANYTHING.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME.



SO NELSON, FREELAND, TONY AND CORBETT LEFT THE OFFICE AND WALKED DOWN THE HALL TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR.

BOSS! THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING UPON THE ELEVATOR.



HOLD YOUR GUNS IN READINESS MEN!



THE ELEVATOR CAME TO A STOP AT THE TOP FLOOR. THE ATTENTION OF THE MEN WAS FOCUSED ON THE DOOR. NELSON NOTICED THIS AND SPRUNG INTO ACTION



HE THREW HIMSELF IN A FOOTBALL BLOCK AT THE TWO NEAREST, TONY AND CORBETT. THEY WENT DOWN WITH A CRASH



THE ELEVATOR DOOR SPRUNG OPEN AND HORAN, JACKSON AND TWO SQUAD MEN LEAPED OUT.

DROP THOSE GUNS YOU MUGS! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED.



TONY AND CORBETT WERE PRONE ON THE FLOOR, THE RESULT OF NELSON'S FLYING BLOCK. THEY THREW UP THEIR HANDS IN SURRENDER, BUT FREELAND'S GUN BLAZED.



JACKSON CLUTCHED HIS ARM IN PAIN BUT HORAN'S SHOT WAS ACCURATE. FREELAND CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR, SHOT IN THE ABDOMEN



WELL, HORAN, YOUR MEN SURE WIN THEIR BETTER. THEY ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

THE CREDIT IS ALL YOURS BRUCE. YOU GOT PLENTY OF NERVE

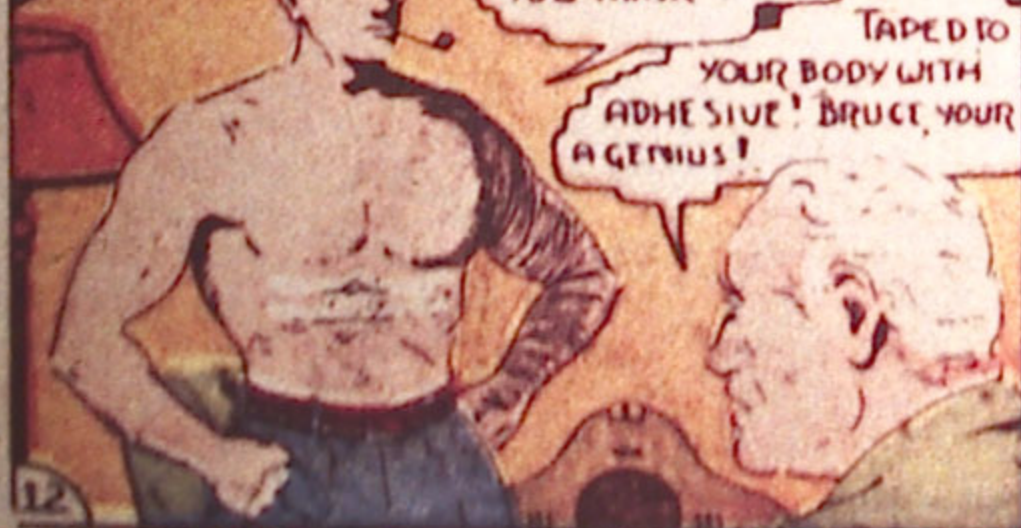
ALL RIGHT MEN, TAKE THESE BIRDS AWAY. I GUESS THIS RING IS CRACKED WIDE OPEN.



LATER IN NELSON'S PLOT

AND THERE'S YOUR OMAR DIAMOND PARSONS. A PRETTY SAFE PLACE, DON'T YOU THINK?

TAPED TO YOUR BODY WITH ADHESIVE! BRUCE, YOUR A GENIUS!



AND STILL LATER!

WELL PAT, I FIXED IT SO YOUR LEADING ME TO THE GANGS' HIDE OUT WAS CONSIDERED TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE. YOU'VE BEEN PAROLED IN MY CUSTODY. THINK YOU CAN STAND THAT?



I NEVER KNEW PAROLE WAS SUCH A SWEET SOUNDING WORD.

THE END.

THE TATTOO TRAP

By
Paul Dean

KEN pulled the dark fedora further down over his eye and walked across the street to the restaurant. On the weather-beaten sign hanging lopsided over the door was printed: The Shark's Fin Tavern. A yellow haze of light oozed through the unwashed windows and the conversation of the men within reminded Ken of the moaning buzz of a lumber mill saw.

"Well, here I am," he muttered, gazing up at the sign. "From now on I'll have my fingers crossed!"

He looked cautiously up and down the street to see that he hadn't been followed, and the gesture caused him to smile inwardly. Here he was, a member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, dressed and acting like the very persons he ruthlessly sought to place behind prison bars. They were murderous enemies of law and society who stopped at nothing to carry through their fiendish plans of smuggling opium into the country.

For months the F.B.I. waited patiently, with baited trap. And then one of the petty members of the ring was caught. He was sullen and tight-lipped but the Government officials succeeded in uncover-

ing one small clue. In the lining of the captive's coat was found a slip of paper with a rather cryptic instruction: *Shark's Fin Tavern . . . see Joe . . . mention tattoo. . .*

Ken lit a cigarette, flicked the match into the gutter and stepped through the doorway. The restaurant was crowded with customers, laughing, cursing men who crammed into their short leaves ashore all the fun and gaiety they possibly could. Their's was the existence of men who followed the sea for a livelihood.

The air was thick with foul-smelling tobacco smoke, drifting in layers towards the ceiling. Ken shouldered his way through the groups to where a man sat behind the counter near the cash register.

"What can I do for you, guy?" queried the heavy-joweled guardian of the money.

"I came to see Joe," replied Ken. "Where's he at?"

The other looked at Ken for a moment. "Okay, bud, follow me. Joe's been waiting for ya'."

He lead the way through a door in the rear of the restaurant and down a hallway. They came to a heavy timber door and Ken's guide rapped sharply, three times. There was a metallic click and the door swung back. They stepped into the room.

On the right side of the room stood a desk and behind it sat a chubby, moon-faced man with thick glasses. He motioned to the other to leave and then peered at Ken.

"I thought you would be here sooner," he said.

"Got here as quick as I could," answered Ken.

"So what?" snapped Joe.

KEN'S brain worked rapidly. It was now or never; one slip or false move and he knew that his chances of getting out of the building alive would be negligible. "It takes a little time to have a tattoo put on."

Joe smiled. "Tattoo is right. Now let's get down to business."

Ken secretly congratulated himself . . . it worked!

The round-faced Joe opened a drawer and produced a stack of bills and from where Ken stood he could see that they were marked, each \$1,000.

"Here's the money—\$50,000!" said Joe. "Give it to Pete after he's loaded the stuff into the launch. Get me?"

"Right."

"Come on, then," said Joe. He kicked back the rug on the floor and opened a trapdoor. They descended the wooden stairs to the bottom and then walked through a long, cemented tunnel. In the distance Ken could hear the lapping water and the mournful hoots of tugs and ferries. Presently they reached the end and stood on a small wharf, cleverly concealed from the passing river traffic by a long row of well-arranged piles.

Before them, gently rocking in the swells, was a covered launch. A silent pilot stood by the wheel waiting for instructions. Joe spoke to him: "When you get the stuff aboard, circle wide around and head right back here."

"I getcha, Joe," the other replied.

Ken took it upon himself to climb into the boat. The sailor loosened the line and with the motor purring softly, they eased out into the river. Joe remained standing on the wharf, his thick glasses gleaming dully in the misty darkness.

Ten minutes later they pulled up alongside the huge hulk of a freighter anchored in mid-stream. A ladder hung down from the boat deck and Ken grabbed it and climbed up. Two men emerged from the gloom and came forward to meet him.

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THE BRAZEL NOVELTY MANUFACTURING CO.
4047 APPLE STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO



"You're late, fella. We were getting a little nervous!"

"Better late than never!" said Ken. "Where's the stuff?"

"Down in the hold. Come on along."

The two men lead the way and Ken followed them down into the bowels of the freighter. They passed along a gloomy corridor and finally entered a small cabin. An oil lamp hanging from the ceiling scattered weird shadows about the walls and over the boards of the floor. Through the dirty glass of the porthole Ken could see the shimmering waters of the harbor.

One of the men walked to the side of the cabin and pressed a hidden button. A panel slid back, revealing a secret compartment no larger than a closet and filled with

packages wrapped in brown paper.

"Here it is, fella. Pretty tricky way we have of hidin' it, ain't it?" laughed the man.

"Yeah, not bad at all," agreed Ken. "But let's get the stuff on the launch . . . Joe's waiting for it."

TEN minutes later they were back on deck, the brown packages hidden under tarpaulins on the floor of the launch. Ken passed the money Joe had given him over to the two men on the freighter and then climbed down the ladder.

"Okay, let's get going," he called to the pilot. The motors started to throb and noiselessly they pulled away from the side of the larger vessel.

Ken went forward and spoke to

the man at the wheel. "Head straight up the river."

The man turned his head, startled. "Ain't we goin' back to Joe's?"

"Up the river and keep your mouth shut tight!" ordered Ken and the automatic in his hand gleamed menacingly.

Fifteen minutes had already elapsed before they reached the Patrol Station of the River Police. The pilot of the launch was taken into custody and Ken raced into the building and put through a 'phone message to the other Federal agents anxiously awaiting his message.

He gave them the address of the Shark's Fin Tavern and a perfect description of the man called Joe. Swiftly they descended on the restaurant and burst in on the surprised Joe who, sensing something had gone amiss with his plans, was preparing a getaway.

Meanwhile, Ken and the River Police sped down the harbor to the freighter and rounded up the smugglers without a struggle. All the prisoners were brought to the regional office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"What puzzles me," said Ken to one of his friends, "is the easy way in which that \$50,000 was given to me and then passed on to the gents on the freighter."

The hand-cuffed Joe, who happened to be nearby, overheard the remark and sneered: "And why not? Take a good look at that money and you'll see that I had nothing to lose . . . those bills are counterfeit!"

"A nice, honest crook this fellow," laughed Ken and hustled Joe along to a waiting cell.

THE END

With the money you can show 10 in the film of Mickey Mouse and your other friends. You can see them change money, make money. Mail the coupon at once.



300 PRIZES!

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YOU NEED NOT BUY THESE PRIZES! JUST MAIL THE COUPON AND WE'LL START YOU EARNING THEM



HURRY! MAIL THIS COUPON



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FOR BOYS, 12 to 16. An aluminum bike, fully streamlined, completely equipped. Gives you a silent, swift, "floating" ride. This bike and any of our 300 other prizes can be yours—and you don't have to buy them! Earn whatever you want, and MAKE MONEY, too, by delivering our magazines to people whom you secure as customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. To start at once, mail this ad to Jim Thayer, Dept. 810, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



SPY

SIEGEL
and
SHUSTER

VALUABLE SECRET ORDERS HAVE
BEEN VANISHING FROM THE
U.S. INTELLIGENCE SERVICE'S
FILES

UPON SALLY AND BART HAS
FALLEN THE TASK OF ASCER-
TAINING THE CULPRIT RESPON-
SIBLE

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS
SITUATION AT ONCE --
IT'S DEMORALIZING
THE ENTIRE
SERVICE

O.K., CHIEF

CONSIDER
IT STOPPED!

LATER

NOW LET'S ATTACK THE
PROBLEM SCIENTIFICALLY!
— AH! HOW LOVELY
YOU'RE LOOKING TODAY,
SALLY!

STICK TO THE
SUBJECT

WELL AS I LOOK AT IT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO
GET AT THE FILES UNLESS
THEY'RE A MEMBER OF THE
SERVICE — THEREFORE,
WE'VE GOT TO LOOK
FOR A TRAITOR
IN OUR RANKS

BART, I THINK Y'VE
GOT SOMETHIN' THERE!
— LET'S START THINGS
MOVING BY SECURING
POSITIONS ON THE
CLERICAL STAFF

TWO APPARENTLY
OCCUPIED IN
THEIR TASKS AS
CLERKS IN SECRET
SERVICE HEADQUART-
ERS SALLY AND
BART KEEP THEIR
EYES TRAINED ON
FELLOW
EMPLOYEES

WANTA MAKE A WAGER?
— WHOEVER CAPTURES
THE TRAITOR BUYS
THE OTHER ONE
A HAMBURGER

THROW IN A
BOTTLE OF POP
AND MAYBE I'LL
TAKE YOU UP



KNEELING BEFORE THE DOOR'S LOCK, BART MAKES USE OF A BORROWED HAIR-PIN

THAT CLICK YOU JUST HEARD WAS THE LOCK OPENING

GOSH! IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK!



NOISELESSLY, THEY PASS THRU THE DOOR INTO THE OFFICE . . .

HEAR ANYTHING?

JUST MY HEART BEATING . . . RAPIDLY!



SUDDENLY —

LOOK OUT!

GOT YA!



BART AND HIS ASSAILANT ROLL IN FIERCE BATTLE ON THE FLOOR . . . PUNCHING, TWISTING, THROTTLING . . .

SOCK I'M, SALLY!

CANT! — I'M UABLE TO HIT YOU BY MISTAKE!



TEARING HIMSELF FREE, BART'S OPPONENT CRUSHES OPPOSITION AT PISTOL'S POINT

SO YOU'RE THE THIEVES RESPONSIBLE FOR THE THEFTS! — THE CHIEF WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN OF YOUR CAPTURE.



GOOD GOSH! WE'VE BEEN SLUGGING EACH OTHER FOR NOTHING!

WE'RE U.S. SPIES, TOO — ASSIGNED TO THE SAME CASE!

WELL, ILL —!



YOUR PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER WAS VERY INTERESTING BUT NOW FOR THE MAIN EVENT ON THE PROGRAM — RAISE YOUR HANDS!

THE REAL THIEF!



WATCH CLOSELY! TONIGHT I'M
PULLING MY LAST AND LATEST
HAUL-- THE WAR DEPARTMENT'S
SECRET REPORT TO THE
PRESIDENT-- WHILE YOU,
LOOK ON, HELPLESS TO
INTERFERE!



22

IN ANOTHER INSTANT I'LL HAVE
THIS FILE-CASE OPEN. IN
STILL ANOTHER MOMENT THE
REPORT WILL BE IN MY POSSESSION
... AND AFTER THAT--
I SHALL ATTEND TO YOU
THREE!



SURPRISE! -- NO SOONER DOES
THE THIEF OPEN THE DRAWER, WHEN
IT EXPLODES IN HIS FACE



INSTANTLY BART AND THE OTHER SECRET
AGENT LEAP TO THE FALLEN THIEF!

HE'S BADLY HURT!
-- TAKE OFF HIS
MASK!

IT'S BARROW!
ONE OF THE
CLERKS!



WELL, SALLY, IF MY
MEMORY SERVES ME
RIGHT, YOU OWE ME
A HAMBURGER AND
BOTTLE OF POP!

IS THAT SO? --
HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE
THAT BOMB GOT
IN THE FILES,
SMARTY?



YOU MEAN TO SAY
THAT YOU --?

YES. I PUT IT
THERE!



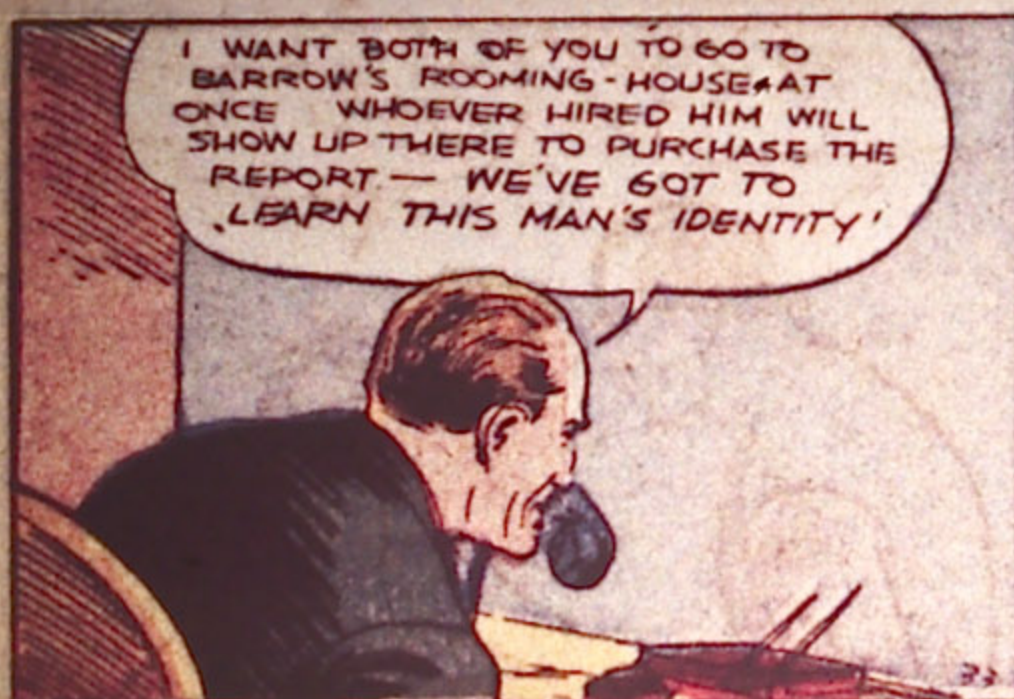
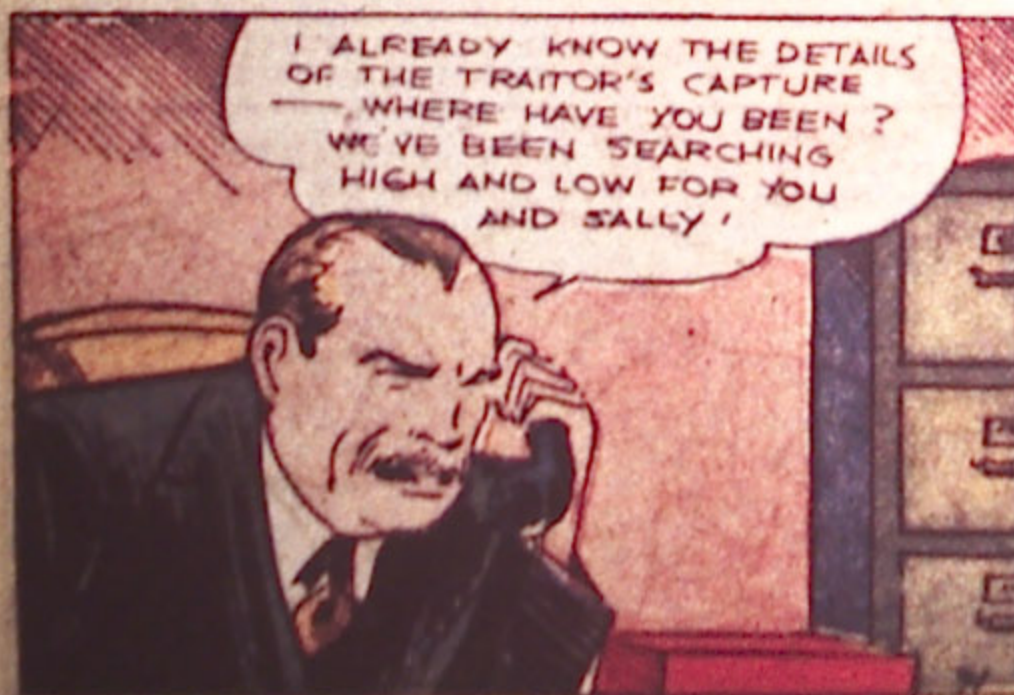
23

WHAT'LL YEZ
HAVE?

THE GENTLEMAN'S
ORDERING!

GIVE HER A
HAMBURGER AND
BOTTLE OF POP
-- I'LL TAKE A KICK
IN THE PANTS!





LATER, AT BARROW'S BOARDING-HOUSE, THEY ENCOUNTER AN OBSTACLE IN THE FORM OF HIS LANDLADY.



AFTER THEY ARE ALONE IN BARROW'S ROOM...

SHE FELL FOR IT...
HOOK, LINE, AND
SINKER!

STOP GABBING!
WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO!

FIND ANYTHING?

YEAH. — A SOCK,
BUT IT'S GOT A
HOLE IN IT.

KEEP LOOKING! A GUY
LIKE BARROW ALWAYS HAS IN-
CRIMINATING EVIDENCE HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE ABOUT HIS ROOM!
— MAYBE HE USED A SECRET
DRAWER!

A SECRET DRAWER?
— HA! DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH!

— OH!
WHAT'S THAT?

AS SALLY SPEAKS, SHE LEANS AGAINST THE DRESS-
ER. HER WEIGHT, ON A LOOSE BOARD, RELEASES...

THERE IT IS! —
DIDN'T I TELL YOU
THERE WAS A SECRET
DRAWER AROUND
HERE!

YES. BUT DON'T
FORGET THAT IT
WAS I WHO
FOUND IT!

WHAT'S INSIDE?

STOLEN DOCUMENTS!
BOY! ARE WE IN
LUCK!

GOSH, NOW IF ONLY
BARROW'S EMPLOYER WOULD
MAKE HIS APPEARANCE,
EVERYTHING WOULD
BE PERFECT!

WOULDN'T
IT, THO?

UNKNOWN TO
SALLY AND BART
BEHIND THEM
A PANEL
BEGINS TO
SLIDE ASIDE
— A HAND
CLASPING A GUN
EMERGES...
IT LOOKS AS
THO THEY'RE
GOING TO GET
THEIR WISH!

A FIGURE STEPS THRU THE PANEL...
THE LANDLADY

TURN!—AND
NO TRICKS!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU
FOOLED ME! RELATIVES,
EH? — YOU LIE!

WHAT MAKES
YOU SO
POSITIVE?



BECAUSE THE MAN YOU
REFER TO AS BARROWS
IS MY SON! —
WHERE IS HE? WHY
HASN'T HE COME? WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE
WITH HIM?

HE — I —
HE'S...

HE'S
DEAD



YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
YOU'VE KILLED MY BOY!
— YOU...!



DODGING LEADEN DEATH, BART TEARS THE
REVOLVER FROM THE WOMAN'S HAND!

GOSH!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

MY BOY
KILLED.
BUT KLEOG WILL
MAKE YOU PAY
FOR IT!

KLEOG?
WHO IS HE?



KLEOG! — BARALVIA'S
AMBASSADOR! —
SO HE WAS BE-
HIND THIS!

NOW THAT WE'VE
LEARNED HIS
IDENTITY OUR
MISSION IS
FINISHED!



TRUE... YOU ARE
FINISHED!

KLEOG!

BART! WE'RE
TRAPPED! —
HOPELESSLY!

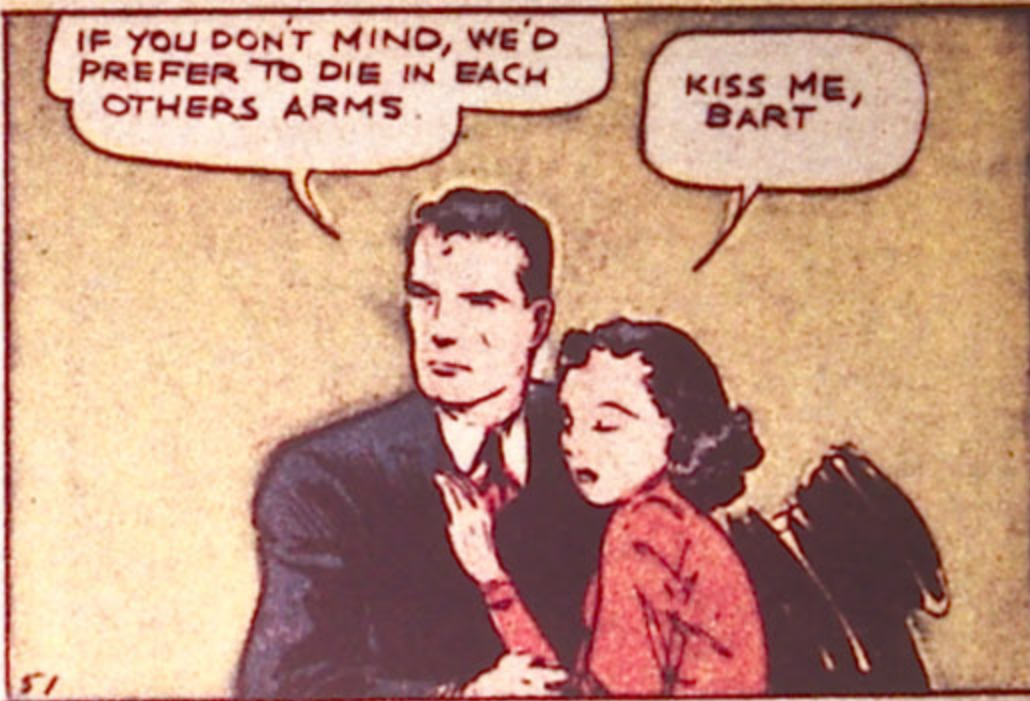


YOU'RE GOING TO DIE —
THERE'S NO ESCAPE —
AND SO I'LL GRANT YOU
ANY REQUEST
WITHIN REASON



IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'D
PREFER TO DIE IN EACH
OTHERS ARMS.

KISS ME,
BART



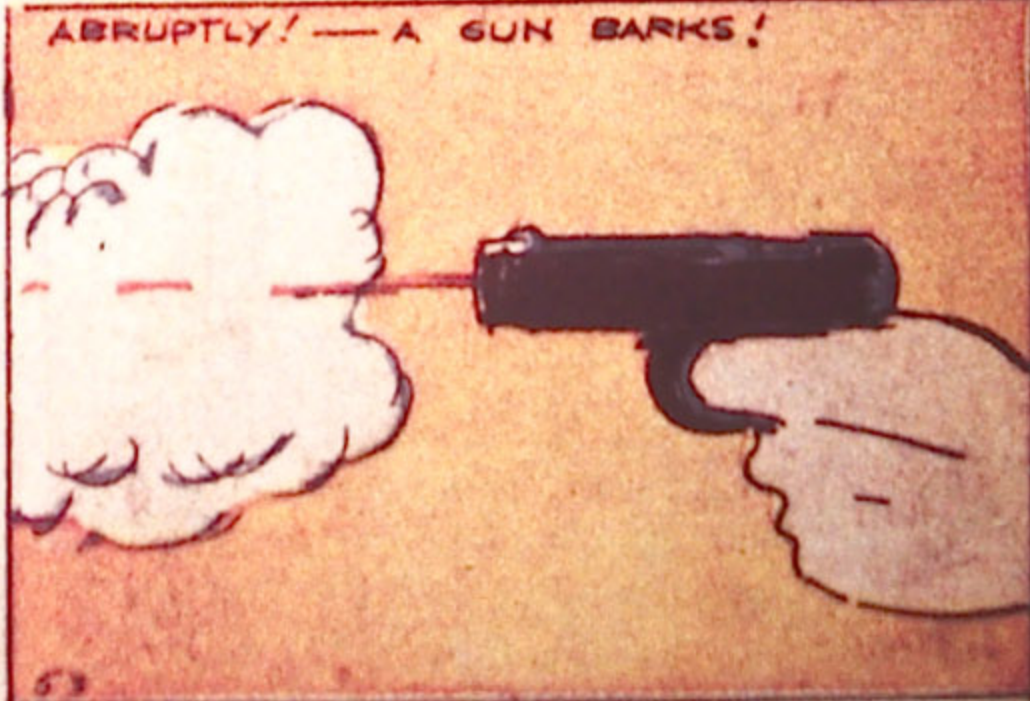
SALLY AND BART PUT THEIR HEART AND
SOUL INTO A LAST, LINGERING KISS...

I'M SORRY IT'S TO
END LIKE THIS

I'M CONTENT



ABRUPTLY! — A GUN BARKS!



YOU KILLED
HIM!

WHY?

IF HE HADN'T INVIEGLED
US INTO HIS SCHEMES,
MY SON WOULD BE
ALIVE TODAY!



LATER — AT HEADQUARTERS

I WAS AFRAID
WE'D NEVER
KISS AGAIN.

THERE ARE PLENTY
MORE FROM WHERE
THAT CAME!



PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE!

"THE HOODED HORDES"

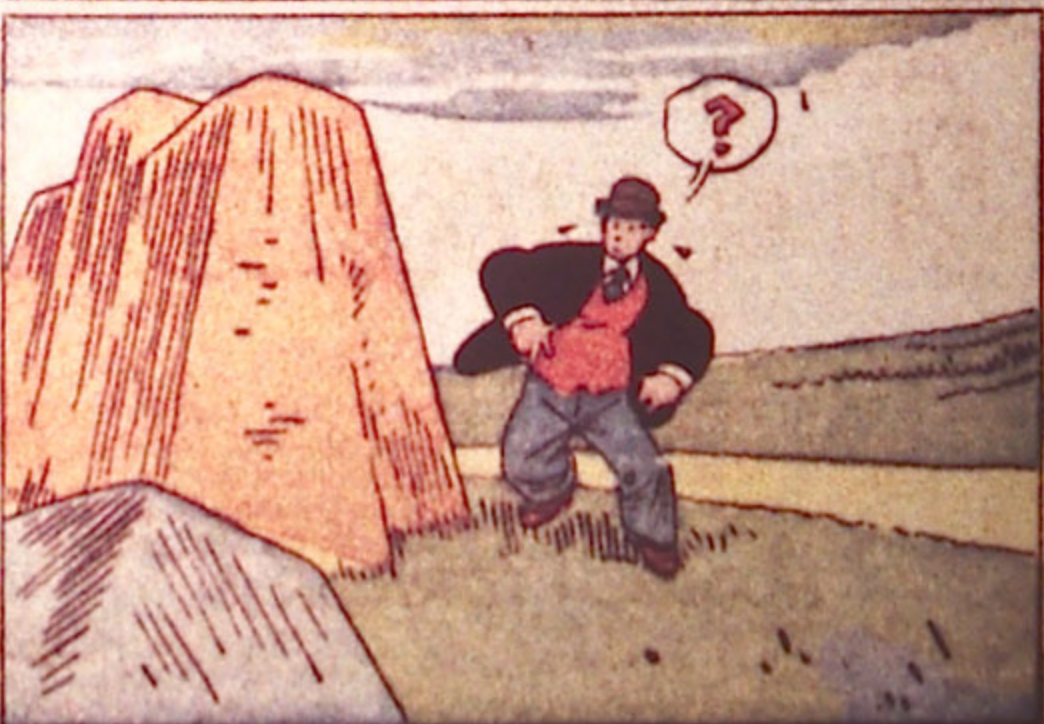
ASSIGNED TO STAMP OUT AN INSIDIOUS,
UNAMERICAN ORGANIZATION OF KILLERS,
SALLY AND BART BATTLE INCREDIBLE
DANGERS... AND FINALLY DISCOVER
THE ASTOUNDING MOTIVE BEHIND THE
HOODED-TERROR!



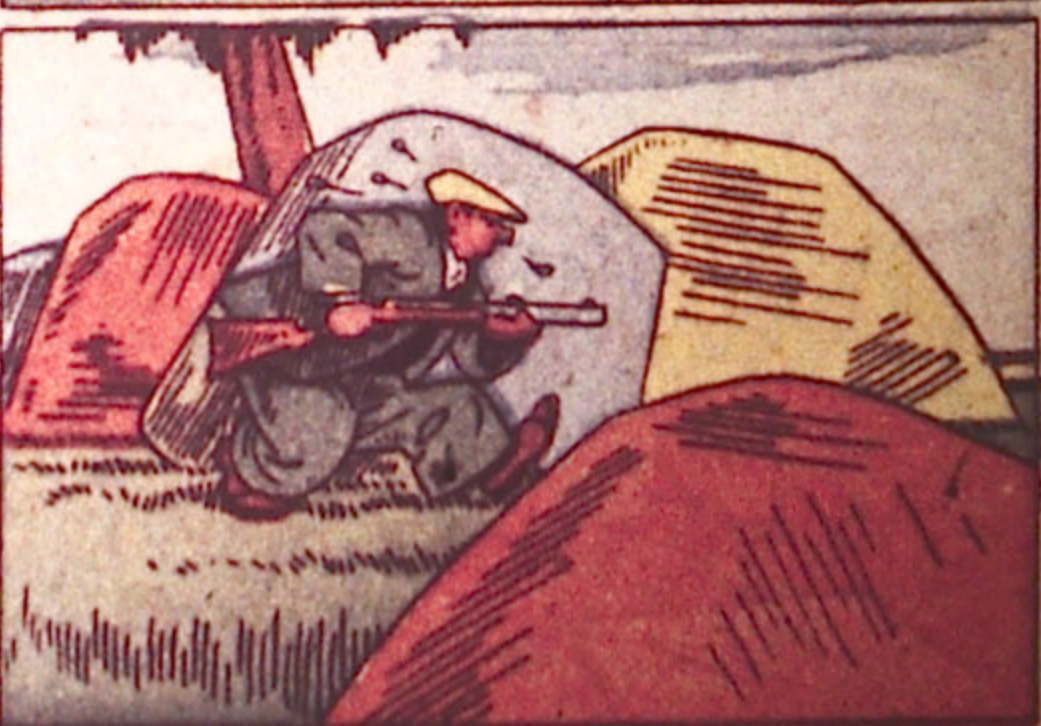
DON'T MISS IT!

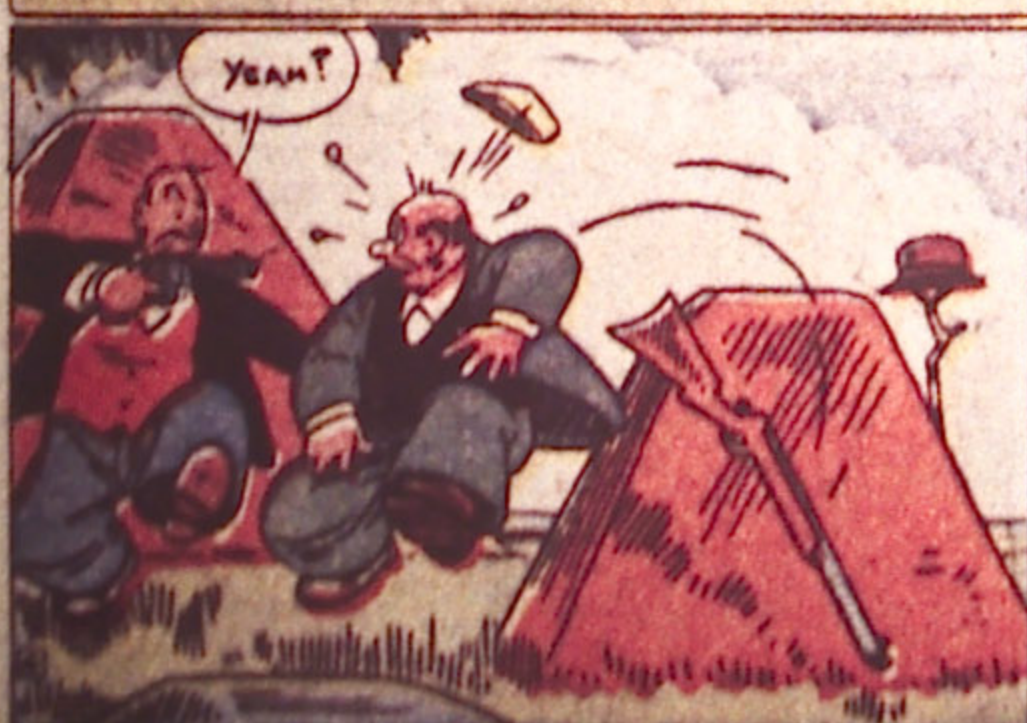
FINGERPRINT FARSON

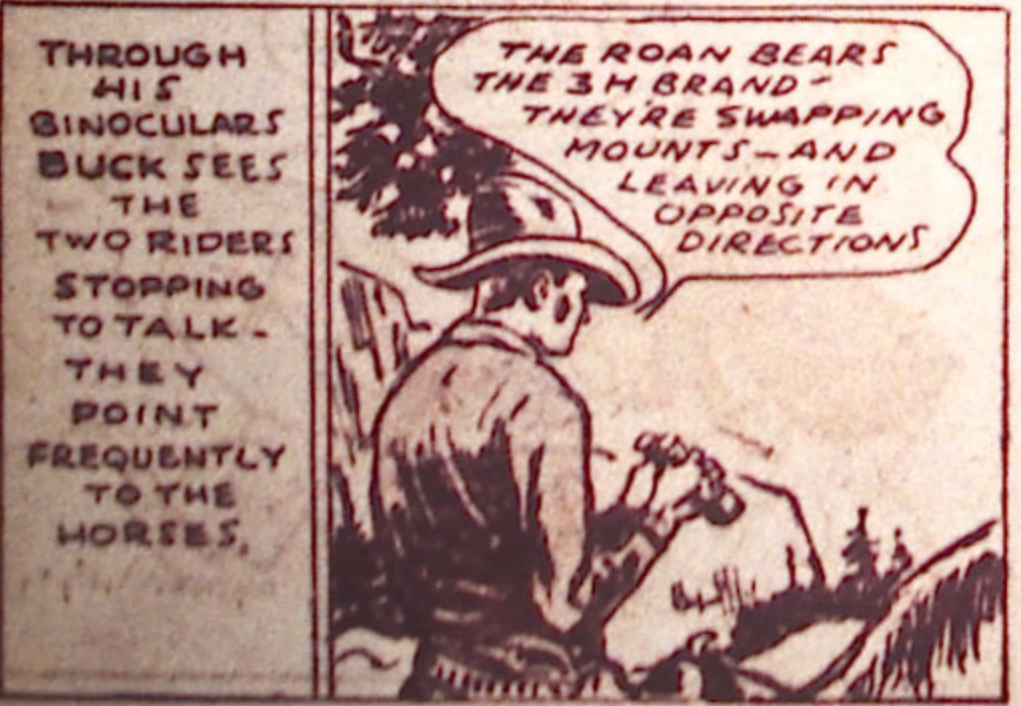
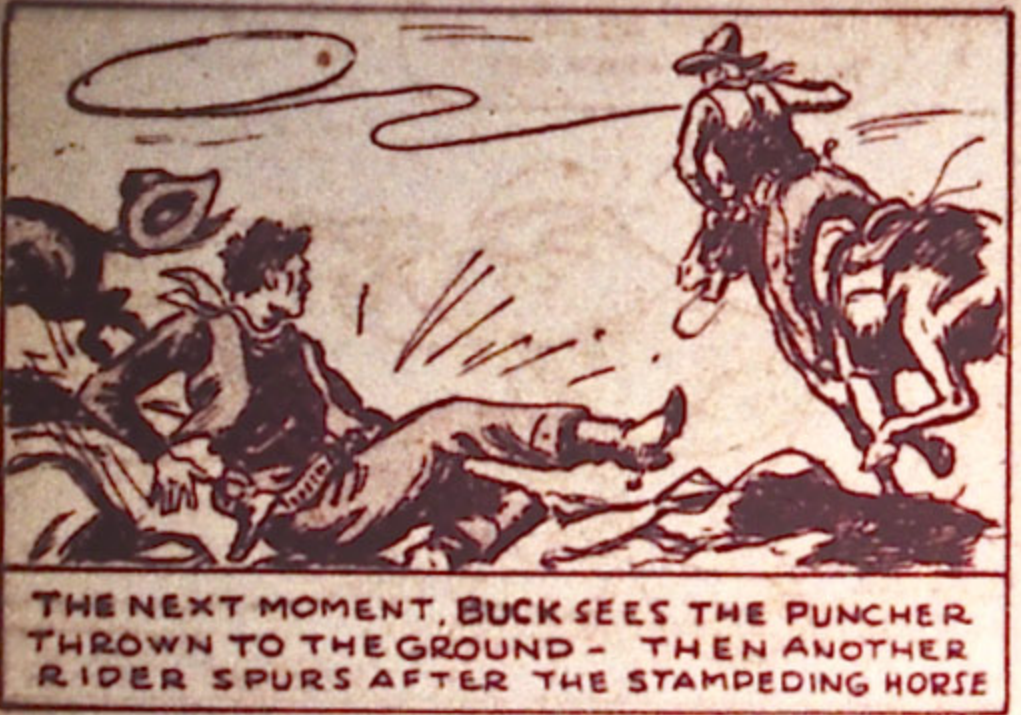
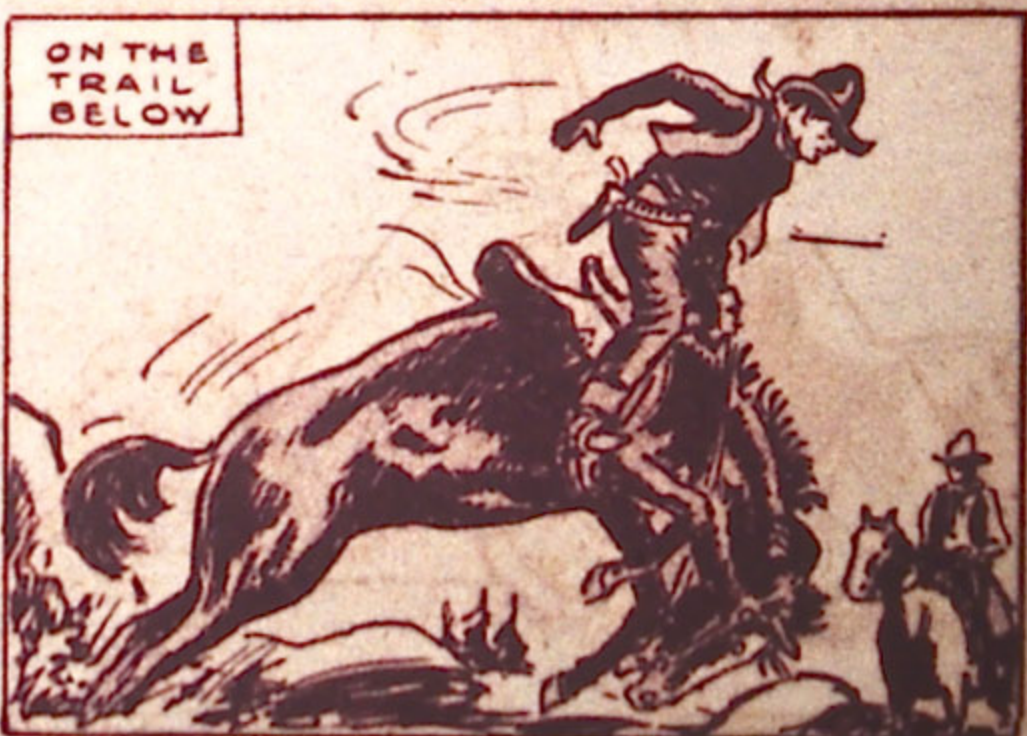
THE HAIN CLOTHES
MAN
BY ALGER













WITHIN AN HOUR, BUCK SWINGS UP THE MAIN STREET OF SAGE CITY AND STOPS HIS BRONCO IN A CLOUD OF DUST



HEARING A COMMOTION OUTSIDE, THE SHERIFF LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW - THEN HE RUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR -





FROM A NEAR BY SHACK, A MAN PEERS OUT OF A WINDOW, TAKES A STEADY AIM AND FIRES—

WITH THE CRACK OF THE RIFLE, THE SHERIFF'S PRISONER SUDDENLY GASPS AND DITCHES FORWARD ON HIS FACE



THE SHERIFF ORDERS THE SERIOUSLY WOUNDED PRISONER TO BE CARRIED INTO THE OFFICE, THEN HE CLEARS THE ROOM —

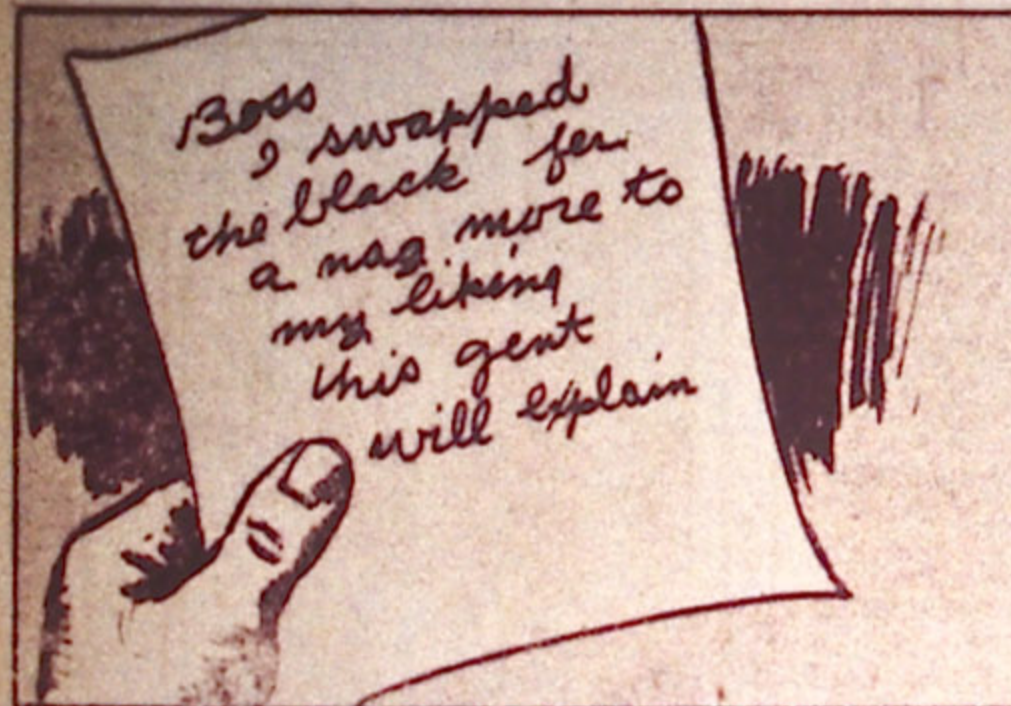
SO THIS IS THE POLE-CAT THAT STOLE MY BLACK NOSS, EH - I GOT A NOTION TO PUT A FEW SLUGS INTO HIM MYSELF!



HE'S BADLY WOUNDED, SHERIFF. I DOUBT IF HE'LL MAKE IT - NOTHING ON HIM BUT A SLIP OF PAPER. THERE'S SOME WRITING ON IT!

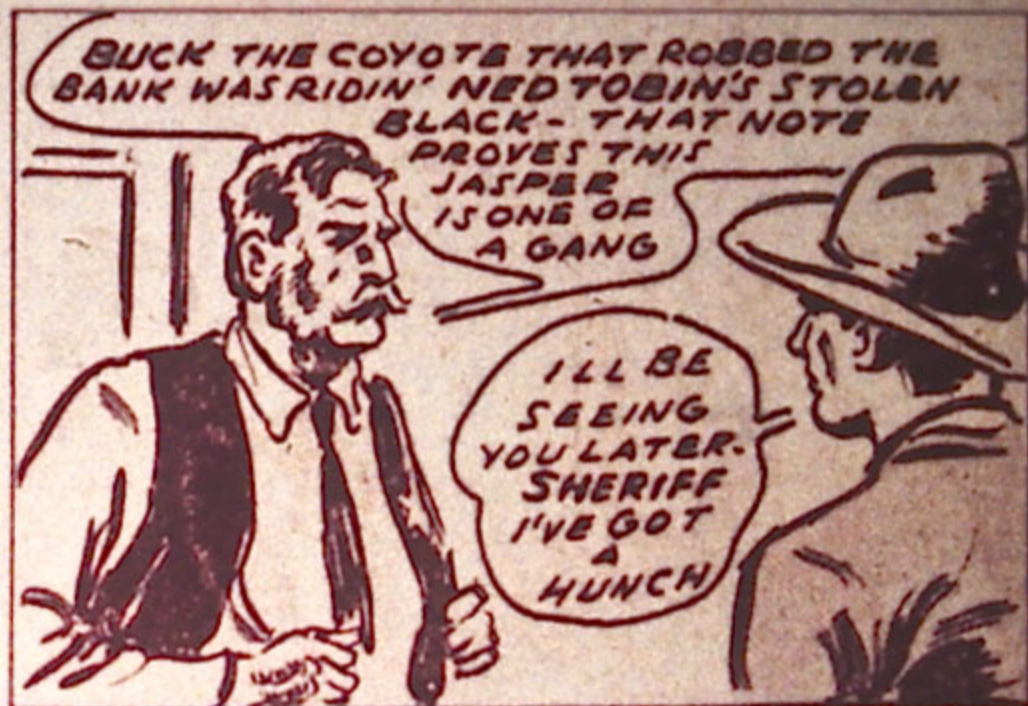


Boss
I swapped
the black for
a nag more to
my liking
this gent
will explain



BUCK THE COYOTE THAT ROBBED THE BANK WAS RIDIN' NED TOBIN'S STOLEN BLACK - THAT NOTE PROVES THIS JASPER IS ONE OF A GANG

I'LL BE SEEING YOU LATER. SHERIFF I'VE GOT A HUNCH



LEAVING THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BUCK LOOKS AT THE BLACK STALLION AT THE FITCH-BACK. THEN HE LEAPS INTO HIS OWN SADDLE AND RIDES AWAY

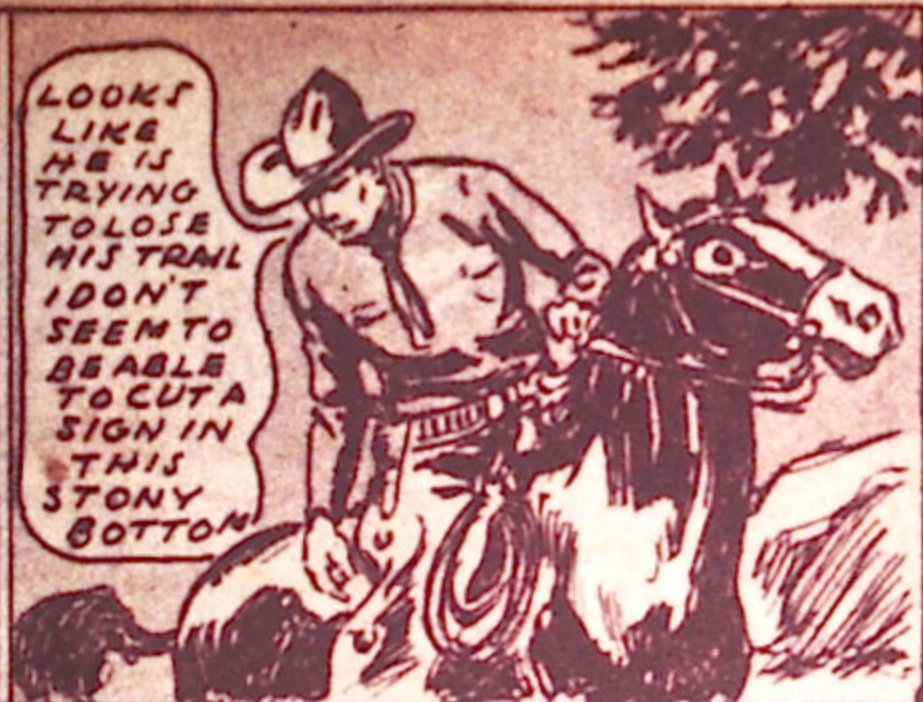


NOW THEN I'LL SEE IF I CAN CUT THOSE TRACKS



BUCK
FOLLOWS
THE
TRAIL
HE'S
LOOKING
FOR
WITH
LITTLE
DIFFICULTY.
THEN
IT BECOMES
HARDER
TO FIND
AS IT LEADS
FINALLY
TO A
DRY WASH

LOOKS
LIKE
HE IS
TRYING
TO LOSE
HIS TRAIL
IDON'T
SEEM TO
BE ABLE
TO CUT A
SIGN IN
THIS
STONY
BOTTOM



HE CLEARLY
EXPECTED
TO BE
TRAILED
OTHER WISE
WHY WOULD
HE COVER
HIS TRACKS.
I THINK MY
HUNCH
IS CORRECT.



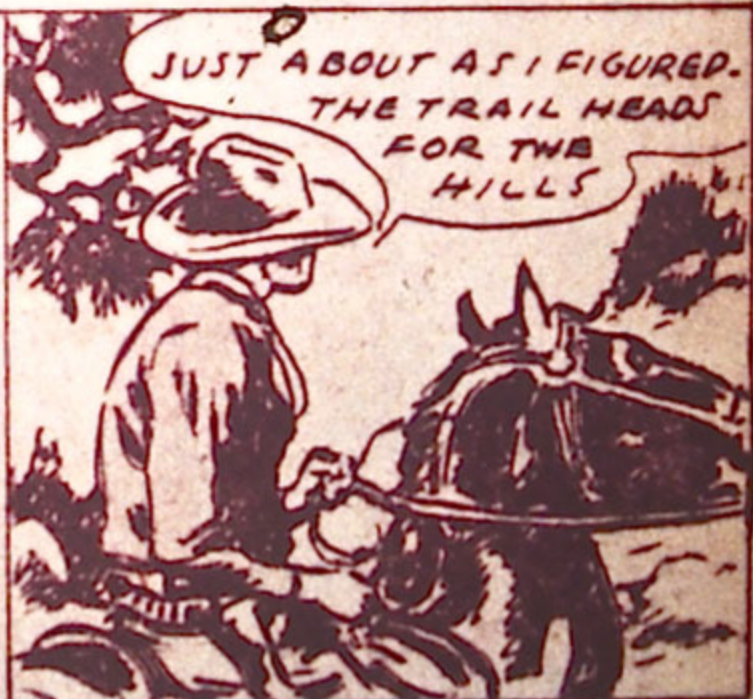
HAVING LOST THE TRAIL,
BUCK DISMOUNTS AND CIRCLES
AROUND FOR SOME SIGN-

HERE'S THE
TRAIL - THIS
STONE HAS
THE MARK OF
AN UNSHOD
HOOF ON IT



OVER NEAR ONE BANK, HE SPOTS
A SMALL STONE WITH A GRAYISH
STRIPE SCRAPED ON IT.

CLIMBING
THE
BANK,
BUCK
FINDS
HOOF
PRINTS
IN THE
SOFT
GROUND.
MOUNTING,
HE IS
SOON
ON HIS
WAY
AGAIN.



JUST ABOUT AS I FIGURED.
THE TRAIL HEADS
FOR THE
HILLS

BUCK
FOLLOWS
THE
TRAIL
FOR
AN HOUR,
THEN
STOPS
AND
DISMOUNTS



I SMELL WOOD
SMOKE - I
THINK I'LL
CLIMB THAT
PINNACLE
OF ROCK -
MAYBE I
CAN LOCATE
IT

I OUGHT
TO SEE SOME-
THING FROM
UP HERE.



I CAN JUST
SEE THE TOP
OF A CHIMNEY
OVER THERE -
THERE MAY
BE A HIDE-OUT
SHACK, THERE



QUICKLY
DESCENDING
BUCK
IS SOON
ON HIS
HORSE
AGAIN.
HEADING
IN THE
DIRECTION
OF THE
CHIMNEY

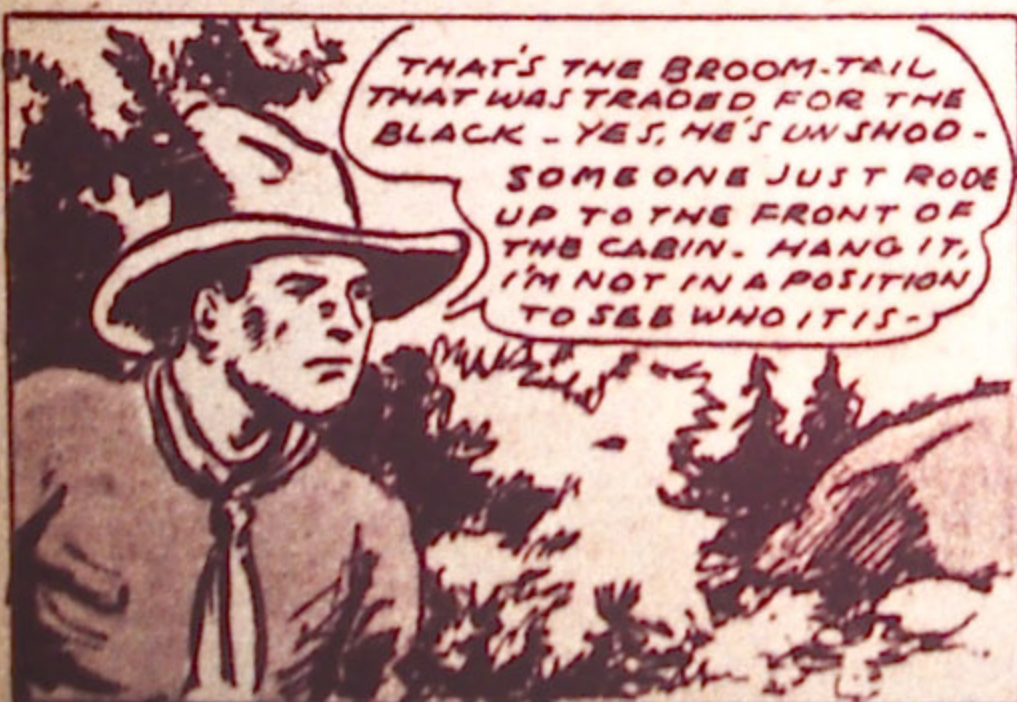
NOW THEN, PEPPER, I'LL
LEAVE YOU HERE AND GO
THE REST OF THE WAY
AFOOT - THERE'S LIKELY
TO BE SOME FLYING LEAD



WITH THE
LIGHT TREAD
OF A LYNX,
BUCK MAKES
HIS WAY.
THROUGH
SCATTERED
GLUMPS OF
BRUSH
AND
AROUND
HUGE
BOULDERS



BUCK INCHES ALONG UNTIL HE
IS FINALLY CLOSE TO THE BACK
OF THE CABIN. IN THE SHADE OF
A TREE TO THE REAR, A HORSE IS
TIED.



INCHING UP TO THE SIDE OF THE CABIN,
BUCK FINDS THAT A PIECE OF BURLAP BAG
BLOCKS HIS VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW.

FROM HIS
POSITION
BUCK
CANNOT
SEE
THE NEW
COMER,
BUT
SOON
HE HEARS
VOICES
FROM
WITHIN -



HOW ABOUT
SPLITTIN' THE
DINERO NOW?

O.K. LIFT THAT
BOARD AND
DRAG THAT
BAG OUT



SLIPPING AROUND TO THE
FRONT, BUCK PREPARES TO
FLING OPEN THE DOOR -



AS BUCK MOVES FORWARD TO TAKE HIS PRISONER'S GUNS, HE STEPS ON THE LOOSE BOARD OVER THE HIDING PLACE AND IS THROWN OFF BALANCE

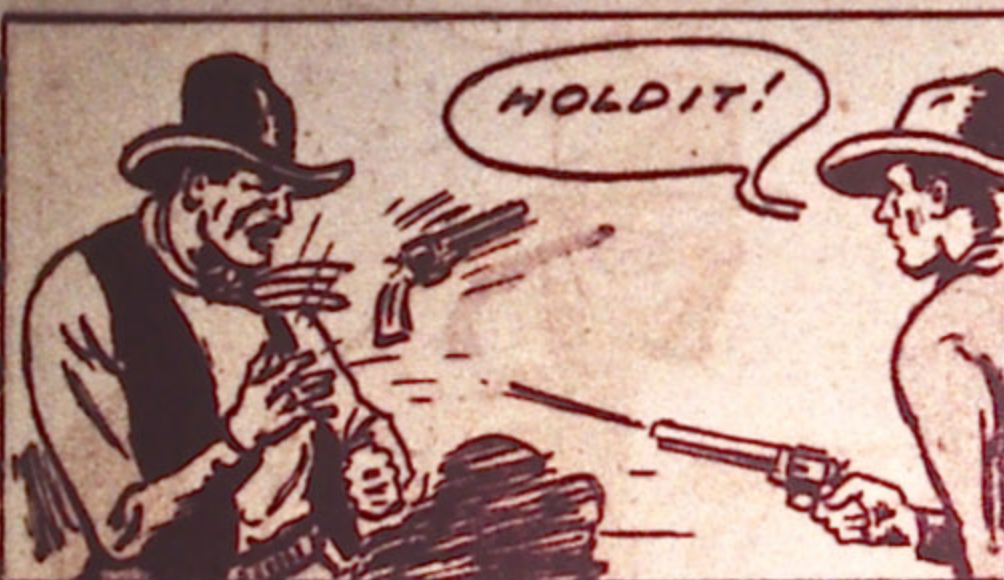


BEFORE BUCK CAN RECOVER, THE SEATED OUT-LAW SPRINGS FORWARD AND SHOVS HIS GUN IN HIS FACE -

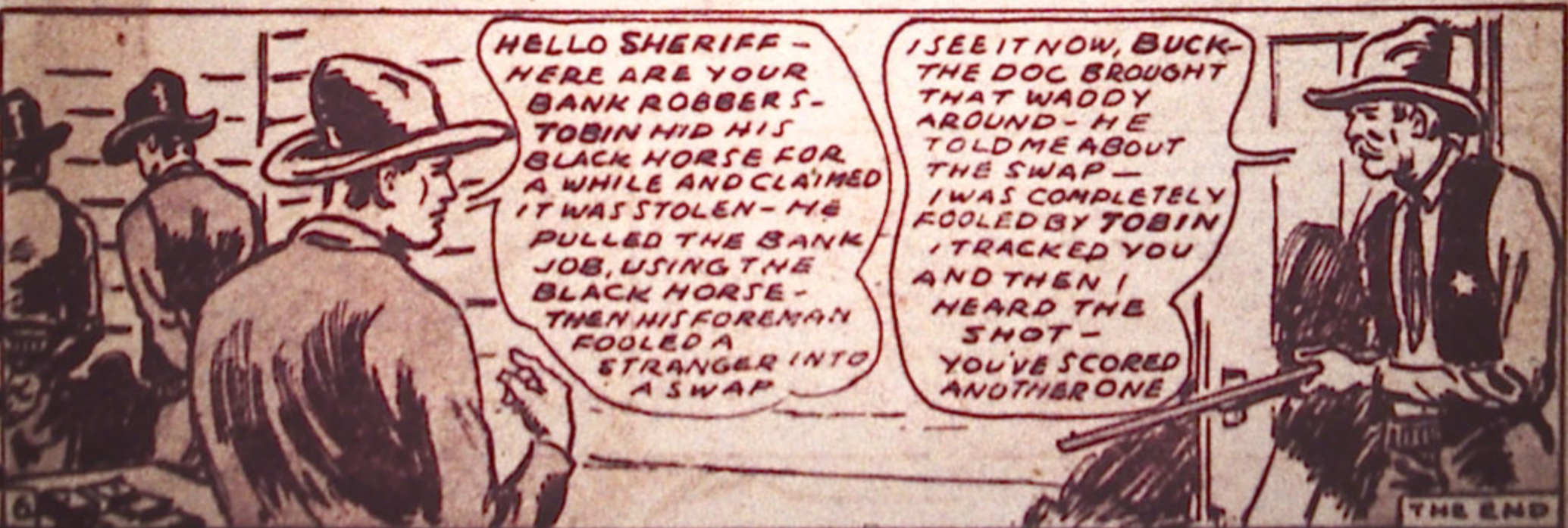
THE OUTLAW WATCHING BUCK'S HANDS IS TOTALLY UNPREPARED WHEN BUCK'S KNEE SNAPS UP AND KNOCKS THE GUN-BARREL UP!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED HE SWINGS HIS LEFT TO THE OTHER'S JAW, KNOCKING HIM SPRAWLING ON HIS BACK -



THE FELLOW'S PARTNER WHIPS HIS GUN DOWN FOR A SHOT BUT A BULLET FROM BUCK'S GUN SENDS IT SPINNING FROM HIS HAND



I SEE IT NOW, BUCK - THE DOC BROUGHT THAT WADDY AROUND - HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE SWAP - I WAS COMPLETELY FOOLED BY TOBIN - I TRACKED YOU AND THEN I HEARD THE SHOT - YOU'VE SCORED ANOTHER ONE

THE END

SLAM

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

BRADLEY.

HELP!—
POL--!

I TOLD YOU
TO KEEP THAT
MOUTH SHUT!

SLAM AND SHORTY, VISITING NEW YORK ON A VACATION, HAVE ATTENDED A BROADWAY MUSICAL SHOW IN SEARCH OF RELAXATION AND PLEASURE. ENGROSSSED IN THE PERFORMANCE, THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT OUTSIDE THE THEATRE, A GREATER DRAMA IS BEING ENACTED. — AS THE THEATRE MANAGER SEEKS TO FOIL A HOLD-UP, HE IS RUTHLESSLY SHOT!

SHORTLY LATER--
DISRUPTED
BY THE SHOTS,
THE SHOW HALTS.
MEMBERS OF THE
AUDIENCE FLOCK
TO THE TICKET-
OFFICE . . .
BUT THE BANDIT
HAS ESCAPED . . .



FINE THING! WE STEP
OUT TO FORGET CRIME,
AND WALK RIGHT
INTO ONE!

LET'S GET AWAY
FROM HERE, SLAM!
I GOTTA HUNCH
THAT IF WE DON'T
WE'LL BECOME IN-
VOLVED IN TH' CASE!



WELL, BLAST MY BUTTONS,
IF IT ISN'T --
SLAM BRADLEY!

CAPTAIN
DRAKE!

TOO LATE!



WHAT LUCK TO COME ACROSS
YOU! YOU'RE HEAVEN-SENT!
FOLLOW ME, AND HELP AN
OLD PAL!



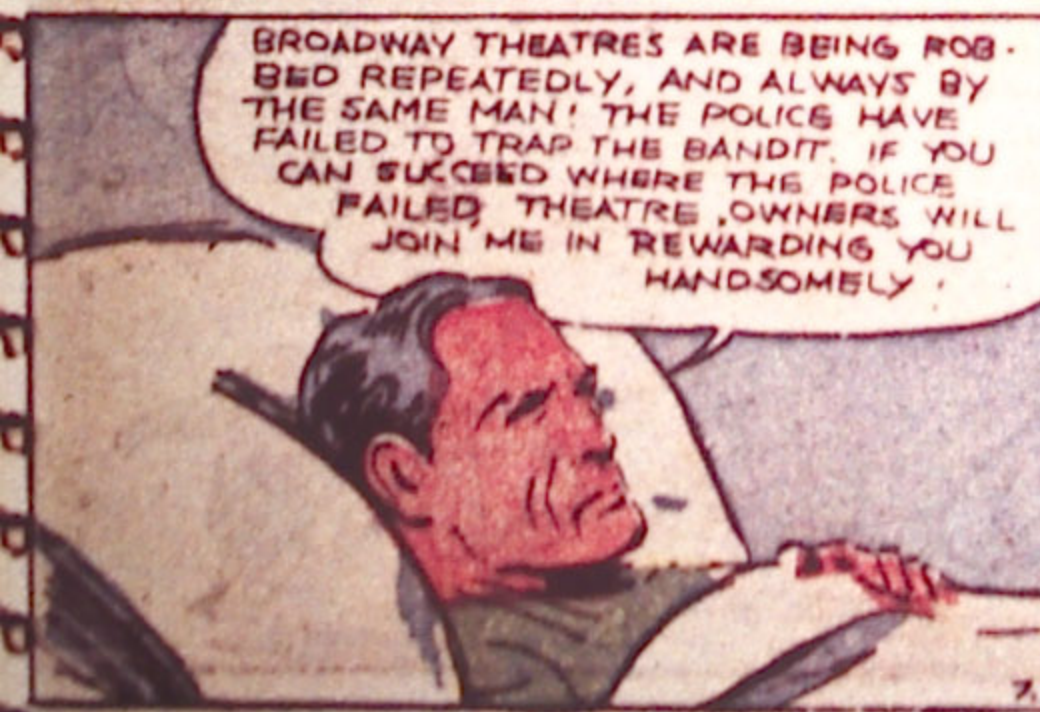
LATER -- WITHIN A HOSPITAL WARD

MR FARRELL, MEET SLAM
BRADLEY AND HIS ASSISTANT,
SHORTY. AS DETECTIVES,
THEY ACCOMPLISH
MIRACLES. I KNEW
THEM IN CLEVELAND

A MIRACLE MAN
IS EXACTLY
WHAT WE
NEED!



BROADWAY THEATRES ARE BEING ROB-
BED REPEATEDLY, AND ALWAYS BY
THE SAME MAN! THE POLICE HAVE
FAILED TO TRAP THE BANDIT. IF YOU
CAN SUCCEED WHERE THE POLICE
FAILED, THEATRE OWNERS WILL
JOIN ME IN REWARDING YOU
HANDSOMELY!

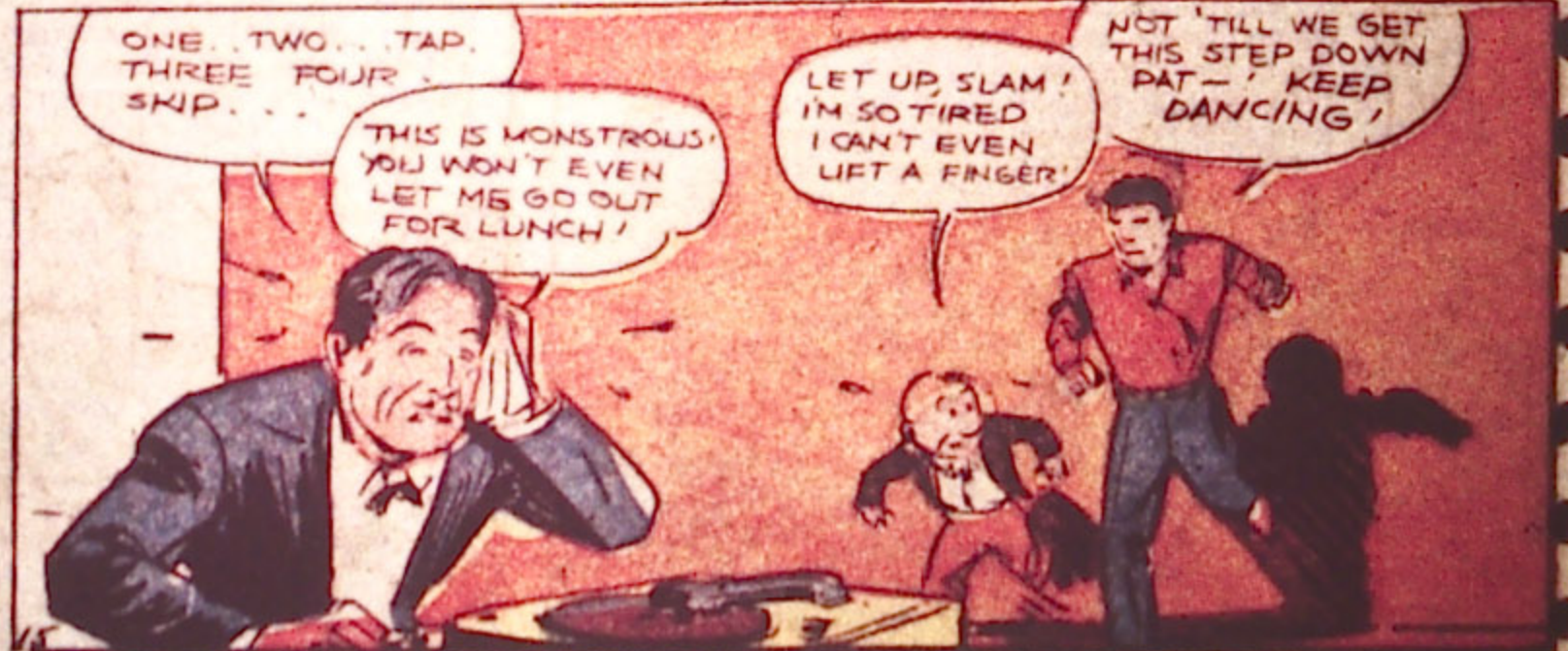
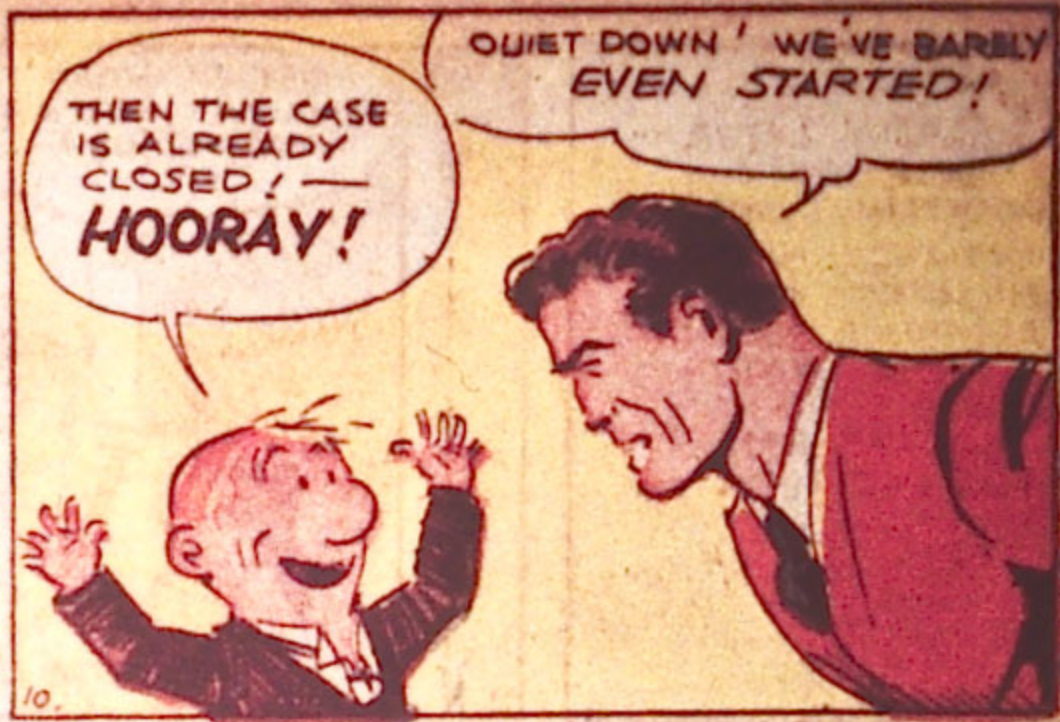


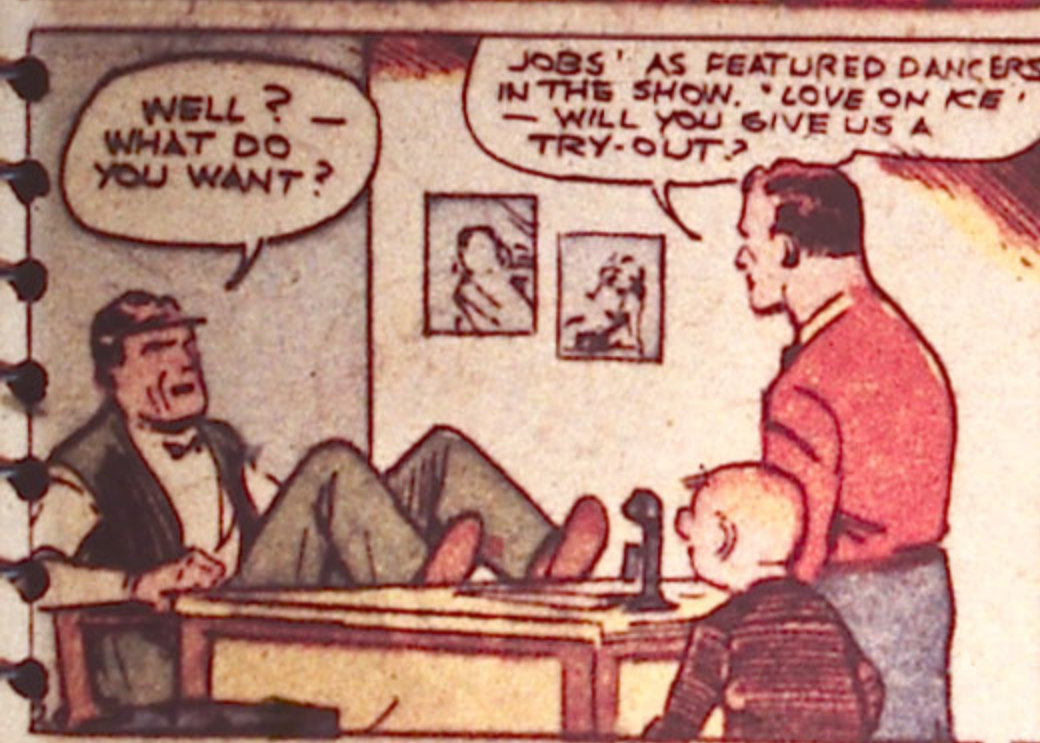
WE'LL ACCEPT THE ASSIG-
NMENT, MR. FARRELL--
PROVIDING YOU PERMIT US
TO HANDLE THE CASE IN
OUR OWN
PECULIAR
WAY!

YOU'VE MY
CONSENT.



NEXT MORNING — IN THEIR HOTEL-ROOM....





AND SO, SEVERAL
EVENINGS LATER
THE UNBELIEVABLE
ACTUALLY OCCURS!

SLAM AND
SHORTY
BECOME FULL-
FLEDGED
HOOFERS!

WHO WAS THAT WIFE
I SAW YOU WITH
LAST NIGHT?

THAT WASN'T
MY WIFE. —
THAT WAS
A LADY

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THEIR ROUTINE

LISTEN TO THAT
APPLAUSE! —
BOY, ARE WE
SENSATIONAL!

FORGET IT! REMEMBER,
OUR REAL PURPOSE HERE
IS TO TRACK DOWN THE
BROADWAY BANDIT!
SAY!

SAY, WHAT?

LOOK OVER THERE, AND
TELL ME WHAT
YOU SEE!

WHAT SHORTY'S EYES ENCOUNTER . . .

CHORUS-GIRLS! — SLAM,
THIS ASSIGNMENT
GETS BETTER AND
BETTER EVERY
MINUTE!

THAT GIRL ON THE END!
WHY SHE'S

WHO?

JUST AS I THOUGHT
— JOAN CARTER!

SORRY,
YOU'VE GOT
THE WRONG
PARTY!

SHORTY, TO LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL GAL, YOU'D NEVER GUESS SHE'S THE MOST UNSCRUPULOUS, MERCENARY, DOUBLE-CROSSING PRIVATE DICK WHO EVER JERKED A \$10,000 FEE RIGHT FROM UNDER MY NOSE!



31

Y' MEAN, SHE ACTUALLY BEATS YA OUT ON CASES!



32

THIS PARTICULAR DAME SPECIALIZES IN TRAILING ME WHILE I'M ON A BIG CASE, THEN STEPPING IN AT THE FINISH AND CLOSING IT HERSELF.

OH!
A CHISLER, EH?



33

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISS CARTER! THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE YOU WON'T CROWD ME OUT!

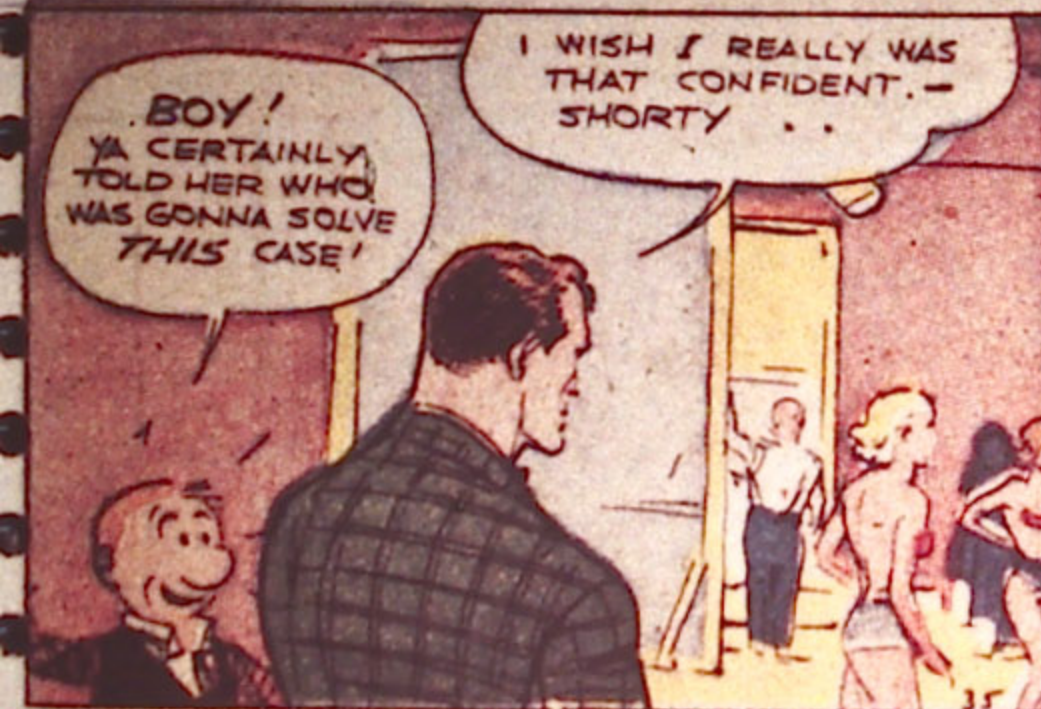
I SEEM TO HAVE HEARD THAT BEFORE SOMEPLACE! — EXCUSE ME — IT'S TIME FOR THE CHORUS TO GO ON!



34

I WISH I REALLY WAS THAT CONFIDENT. — SHORTY ...

BOY!
YA CERTAINLY TOLD HER WHO WAS GONNA SOLVE THIS CASE!



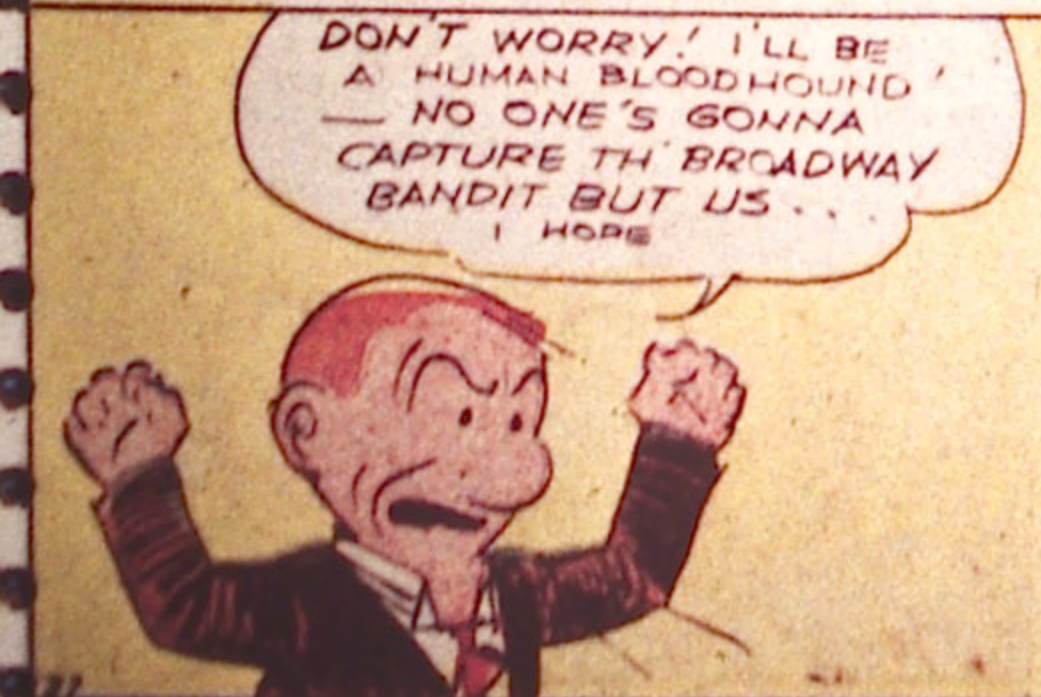
35

I WANT YOU TO TRAIL HER DAY AND NIGHT! NEVER LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT! — AND IF SHE SLIPS ANYTHING OVER ON US, I'LL BRAIN YOU!



36

DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE A HUMAN BLOODHOUND! — NO ONE'S GONNA CAPTURE TH' BROADWAY BANDIT BUT US ... I HOPE



37

HIDDEN BEHIND SOME NEARBY SCENERY. JOAN CARTER, WHO HAS OVERHEARD EVERY WORD, SMILES ENIGMATICALLY TO HERSELF!



38

LATER

SLAM SAYS NOT TO LET HER OUT OF MY SIGHT, AND BY GOLLY THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!

BUT AS JOAN PASSES THRU A DOORWAY, SHORTY DISCOVERS THAT MALE DETECTIVES POSSESS LIMITATIONS . . .

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING

DRESSING ROOM

AWAY! FAR AWAY!

DURING THEIR NEXT NUMBER . . .

I'LL BE DOGGONED! — LOOK WHO'S SITTING IN THE FRONT ROW, LAUGHING HIS POOL HEAD OFF!

SERGEANT GAGE! HOW'D HE EVER GET TO NEW YORK?

SERGEANT GAGE, BRUDGE-FOE OF SLAM AND SHORTY, APPEARS TO BE HAVING A LOT OF FUN AT THEIR EXPENSE

HO! HO! — TOSS 'EM A LILY! AIN'T THEY TH' SWEET ONES!

WHEN THEY LEAVE THE STAGE . . .

WHERE YOU GOIN' IN SUCH A RUSH?

I'LL TEACH THAT MUG A LESSON

DURING INTERMISSION, THE AUDIENCE LOUNGES IN THE THEATRE-LOBBY, SERGEANT GAGE IS ADMIRING SOME EXQUISITE TAPESTRY WHEN —

SHORTY REJOINS SLAM . . .

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAND?

I BEEN NOWHERE DOIN' NOTHIN!

WHEN SLAM AND SHORTY AGAIN APPEAR BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS, SERGEANT GAGE'S SMILE IS REPLACED BY A FROWN AND A BLACK EYE

SMART PUNKS!

LATER --

WE'RE ACCOMPLISHIN' NOTHING PRETTY FAST, SLAM. WHEN DO WE HAD THE CROOK?

WE'VE GOT TO BE PATIENT, SHORTY. THIS SHOW IS PULLING IN HEAVY SUGAR. THE BROADWAY BANDIT IS SURE TO TRY A HOLD UP AND WHEN HE DOES...



SHORTY ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO IS IMPATIENT

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS MAN BRADLEY WOULD GET RESULTS!

WE'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM TIME!



THE BROADWAY BANDIT HIMSELF

I'D LIKE A TRY AT "LOVE ON ICE" -- BUT FOR THE TIME BEING I'D BETTER SIT TIGHT!



UNEVENTFUL DAYS PASS, DURING WHICH IT IS WONDERED WHETHER THE BANDIT WILL STRIKE AGAIN

THEN --

HEY, SLAM! -- WHADAYUH THINK?



WHAT'S HAPPENED?

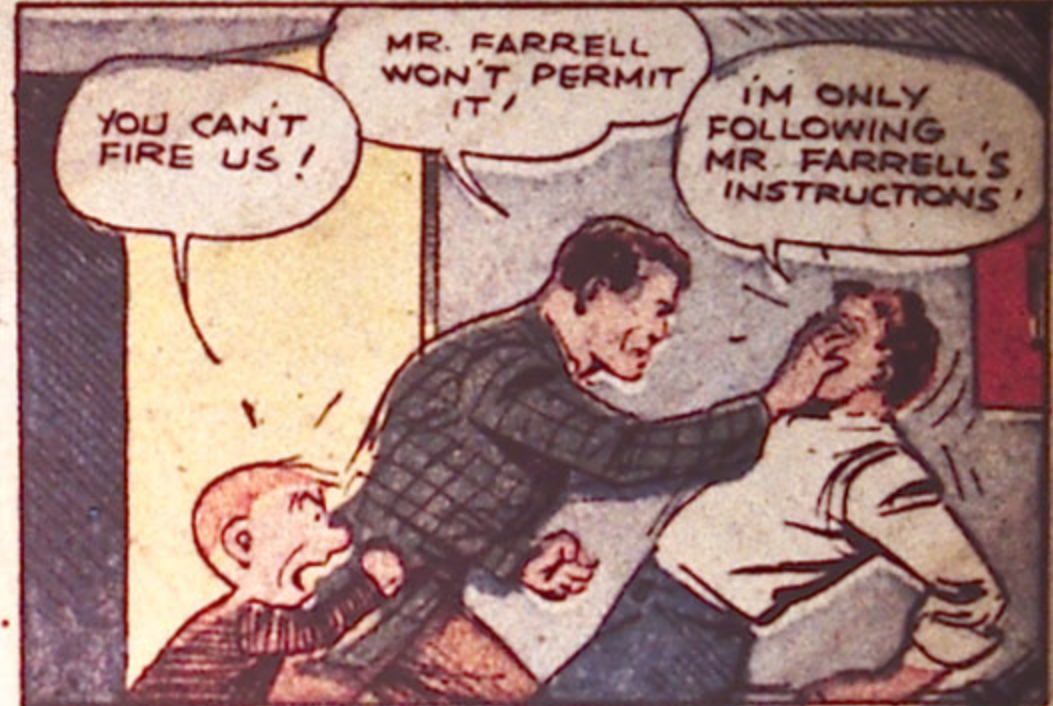
WE'VE BEEN FIRED!



MR. FARRELL WON'T PERMIT IT!

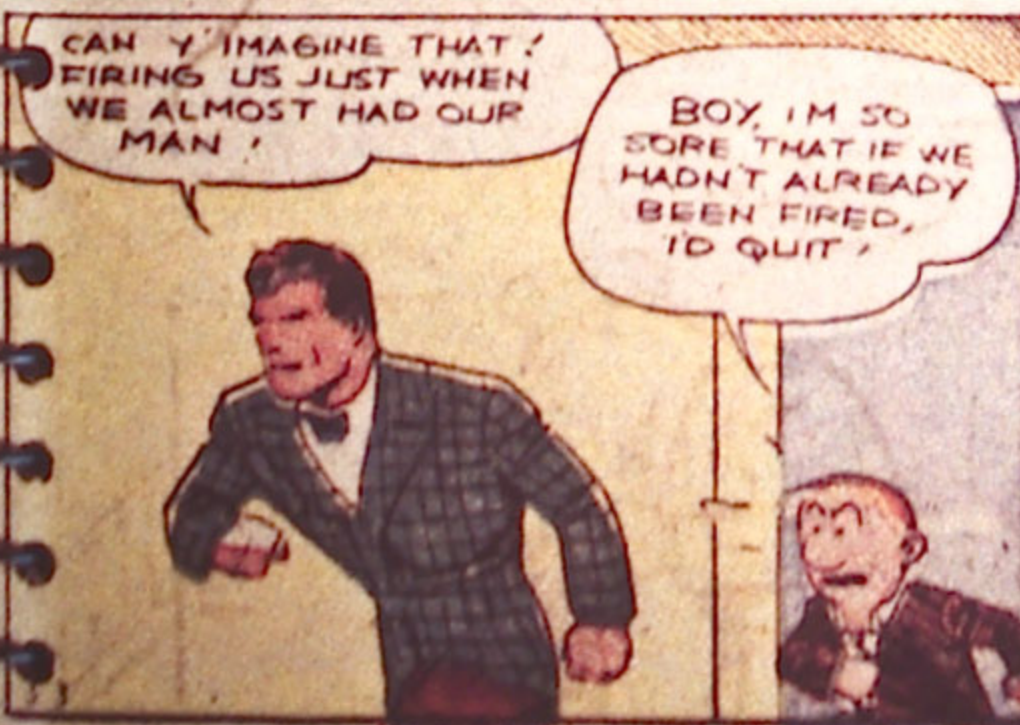
YOU CAN'T FIRE US!

I'M ONLY FOLLOWING MR. FARRELL'S INSTRUCTIONS!



CAN Y' IMAGINE THAT! FIRING US JUST WHEN WE ALMOST HAD OUR MAN!

BOY, I'M SO SORE THAT IF WE HADN'T ALREADY BEEN FIRED, I'D QUIT!



THAT EVENING --

I LEFT SOME CLOTHES AT THE THEATRE. I'M AFRAID THAT IF I GO, I'M LIABLE TO POKE SOMEONE. WILL YOU GO?

I HATE TO DO IT, BUT FOR YOU, PAL, I WILL!



AS SHORTY ENTERS THE THEATRE, HE
NARROWLY MISSES ENCOUNTERING
SERGEANT GAGE.

Y'CAN BETTER
BOOTS THIS IS TH'
LAST TIME I'LL SET
FOOT IN THIS JOINT

THE SERGEANT ACCOSTS MISS CARTER . . .

SEEN ANYTHING OF A
SKINNY LITTLE RAT
NAMED SHORTY MORGAN?
I'VE A LITTLE SCORE
TO SETTLE
WITH HIM!

SORRY—SHORTY
DOESN'T WORK HERE
ANY MORE!

WITHIN THE DRESSING-ROOM . . .

NO WONDER I CAN'T
FIND SLAM'S CLOTHES!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING THRU
TH' WRONG DRAWER!
— WAIT! WHAT'S
THIS?

A MASK!— A GUN!
— AND A CRUMPLED
MEMORANDA!

MEMORANDA
JUNE 9 1928

June Bradley
is a detective.
He is a flop.

— Farrell

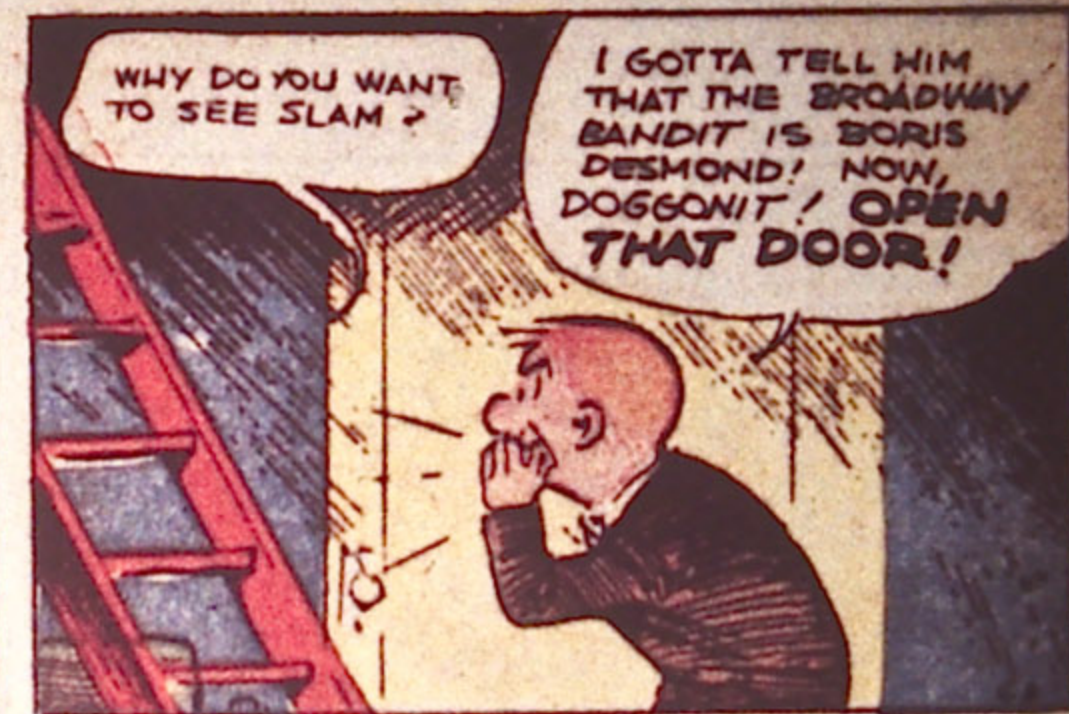
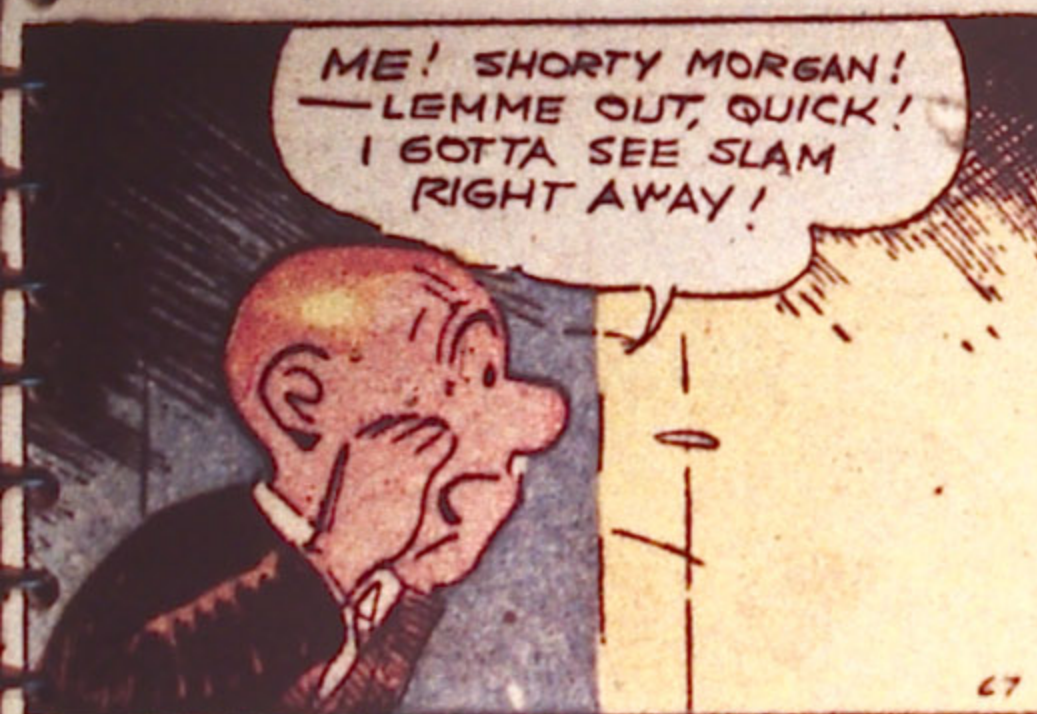
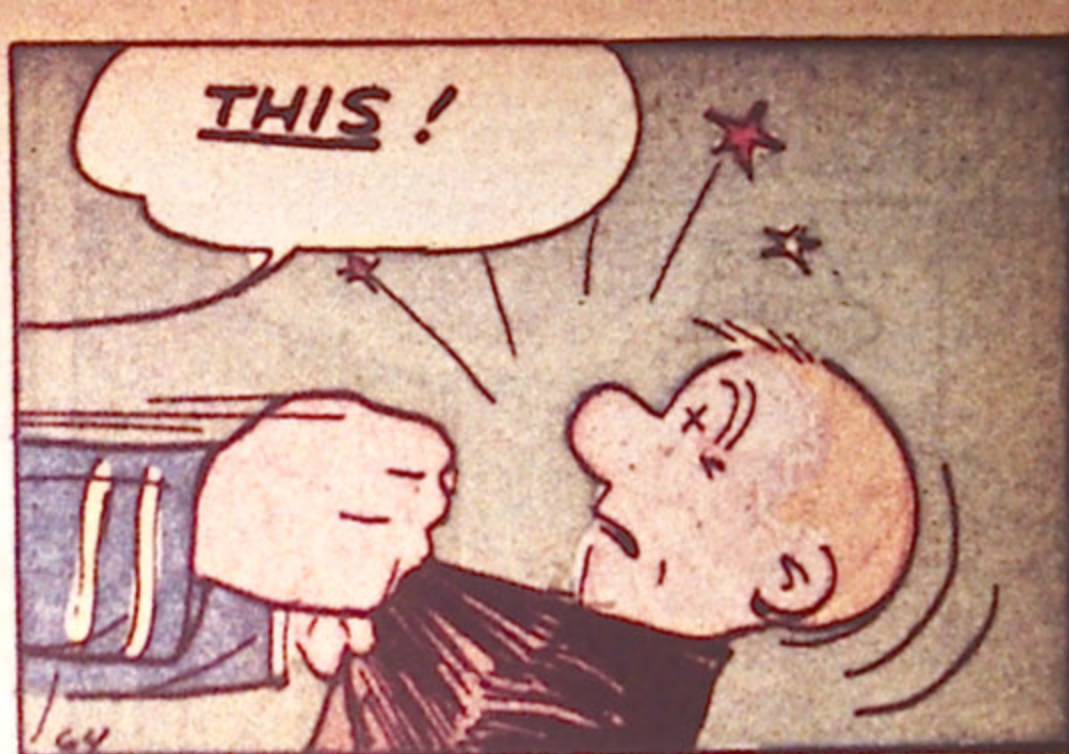
GOSH! THIS MEMORANDA MUST
HAVE BEEN SWIPED FROM THE
MANAGER'S OFFICE BY THE
BROADWAY BANDIT! ALL
I'VE GOTTA LEARN IS WHOSE
DRAWER THIS IS, AND I'LL
KNOW THE BANDIT'S IDENTITY!

THE DRAWER BELONGS
TO AND THE BROADWAY BANDIT
IS, BORIS DESMOND
THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS
GANGSTER ROLES

AS SHORTY DASHES FROM THE DRESSING
ROOM, HE COLLIDES, SQUARELY INTO . . .
SERGEANT GAGE!

OH, SO IT'S
YOU!

LET GO OF ME!
I GOTTA SEE
SLAM! IT'S
IMPORTANT!



AT THAT VERY SAME MOMENT, BORIS DESMOND, AN ACTOR FAMOUS FOR HIS IMPERSONATION OF GANGSTERS, ENTERS THE THEATRE -- OUTWARDLY CALM, BUT WITH CRIME TEEMING HIS THOUGHTS!



SIGHTING DESMOND, JOAN KEEPS HIM UNDER SURVEILLANCE . . .



WITHIN HIS DRESSING-ROOM, DESMOND DISCOVERS --



SWIFTLY, THE ACTOR PEERS THRU THE REAR CRACK OF HIS DOOR, SIGHTING JOAN!



HER EYES TRAINED ON DESMOND'S DRESSING-ROOM, JOAN IS TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE WHEN TWO STRONG ARMS ABRUPTLY THROTTLE HER FROM BEHIND . . .

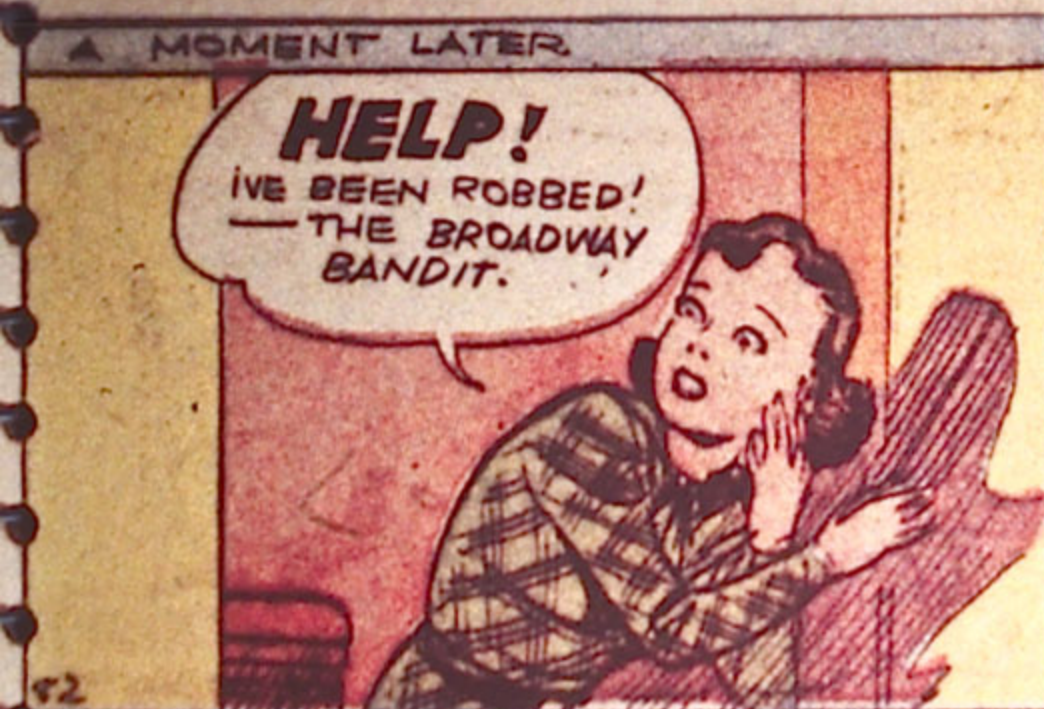
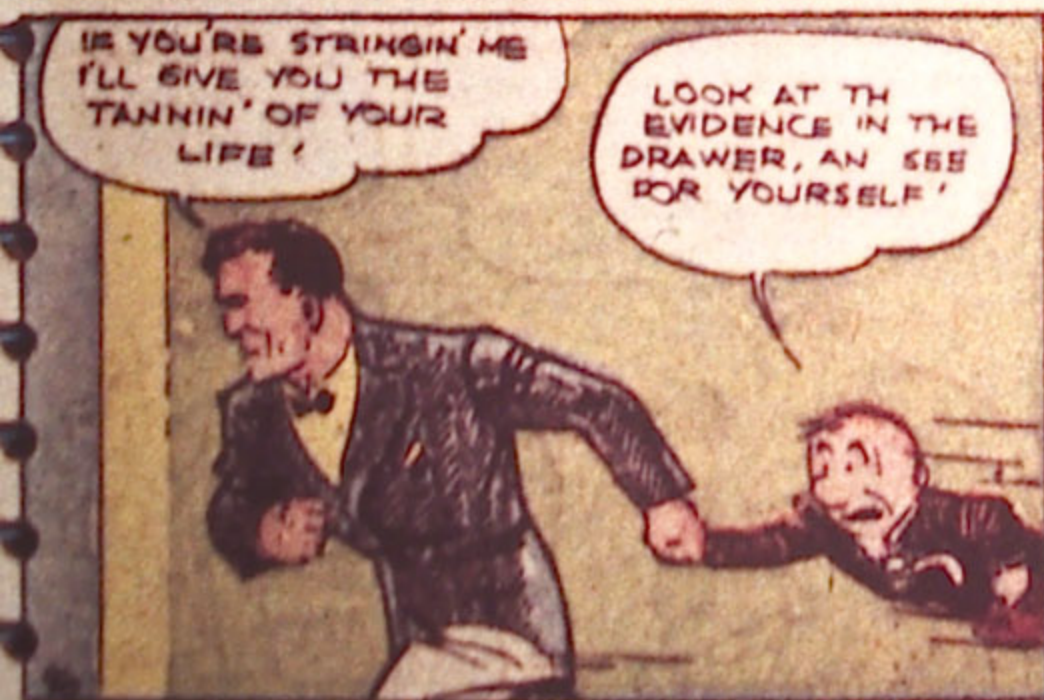


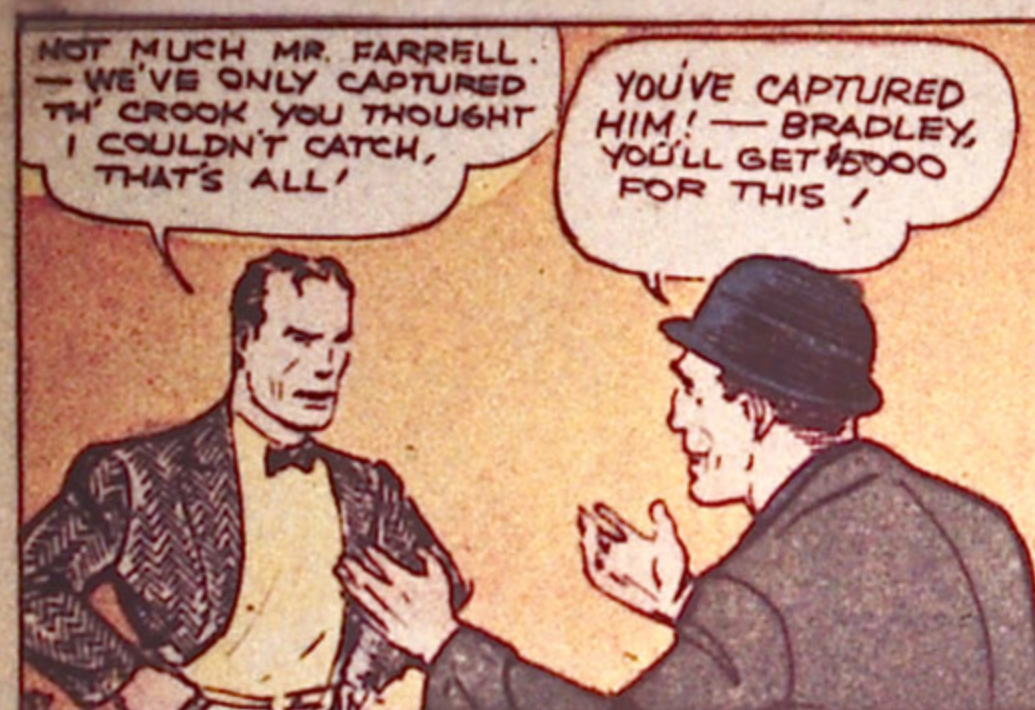
MEANWHILE -- SHORTY'S SHOUTS HAVE ATTRACTED A WATCHMAN, WHO FREES HIM . . .



MAKING A BEE-LINE FOR A TELEPHONE, SHORTY DIALS SLAM'S NUMBER . . .







PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE!

SLAM **BRADLEY**
GETS the AIR!

JUST WHEN SLAM COMPOSES HIMSELF
FOR THE DIFFICULT TASK OF SOLVING
A PUZZLING RADIO MYSTERY, UP POPS
SHORTY'S TWIN-BROTHER, TO REALLY
COMPLICATE THINGS!

IT'S HOWLARIOUS!

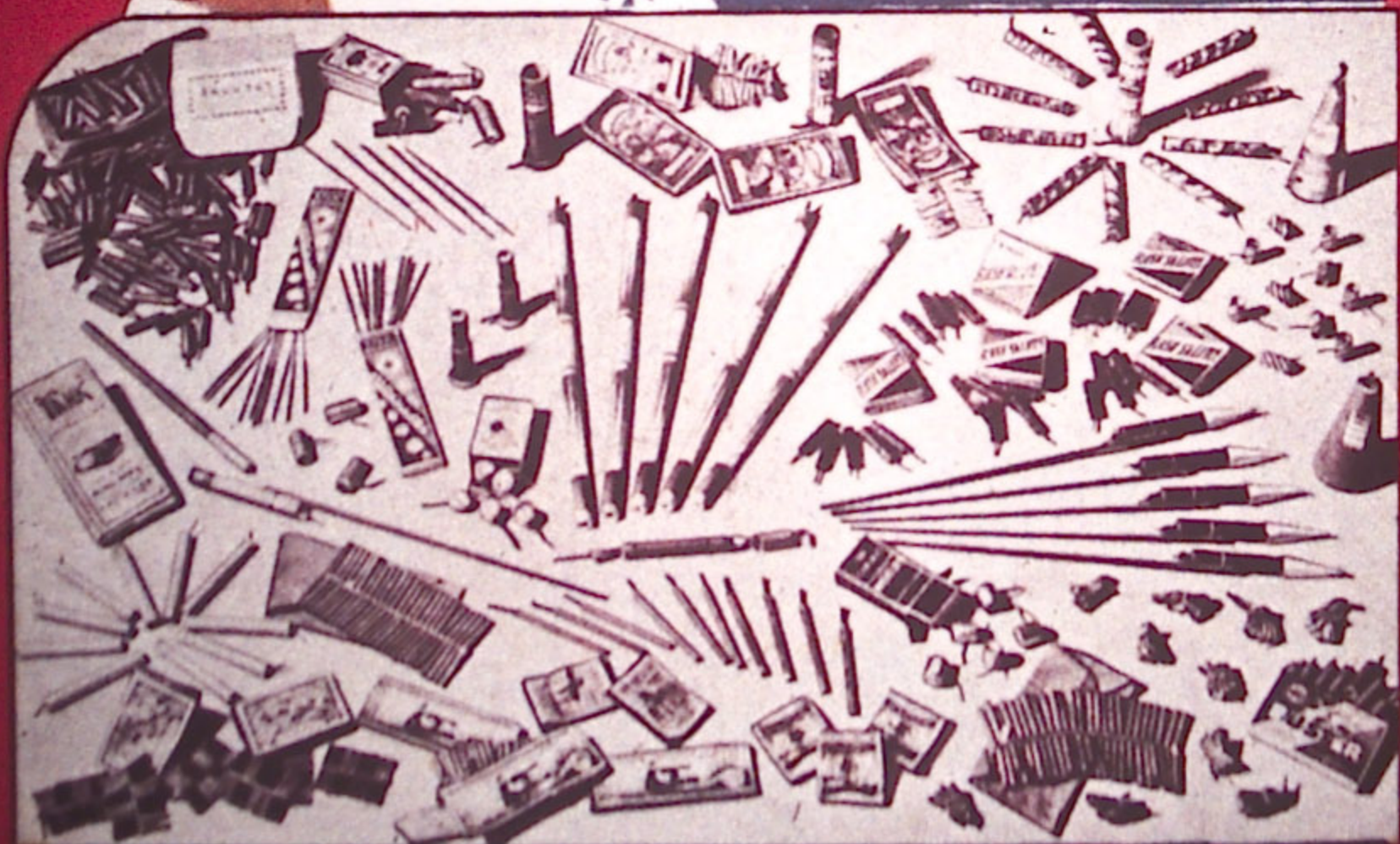




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100 2 in. Cannon Salutes	\$1.00
200 Flashlight Crackers	.60
25 Flash Salutes	.25
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2 Sky Bombs (2 Shot)	.10
5 Roman Candles (10 ball)	.50
5 Sky Rockets (stars)	.40
10 Niggerchasers	.10
10 Grasshoppers	.10
10 Penny Flash Salutes	.10
5 Glittercracks	.10
10 Bombshell Salutes	.25
1 Whistling Tracer Bomb	.15
16 Sparklers	.10
1 No. 1 Aerial Bomb	.10
1 Hand Grenade	.10
1 Reporting Skyrocket	.10
5 Noi-see Boy Salutes	.10
10 Pkg. Asst. Firecrackers	.70
1 Reporting Cone	.10
5 Marble Flash Salutes	.10
1 Red Torch	.05
1 Sky Battle	.10
2 Pkg. Lady Crackers	.30
1 Erupting Volcano	.10
8 Buster Salutes	.05
1 Whistling Cyclone	.10
3 Giant Liberty Salutes	.10
1 Pkg. Punk	.05
TOTAL RETAIL VALUE \$8.00	

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